The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1890.

The Week.

THE scene which the House presented when the McKinley Tariff Bill was finally passed, was in harmony with the monstrous character of the bill itself. What that character is, our readers know full well. It was rightly described by Mr. Bland, in a few brief remarks, while the silver-lead paragraph was under discussion, thus:

"I see gentlemen rising on that [Republican] side of the House, one contending for a high duty on lead, another for a low duty on lead, each one of them declaring that his particular industry will be ruined unless his theory is carried out. On the other hand, one wants a high duty on glass and another a low duty; and so on throughout the whole of the schedules. It is not a question as to whether the Government needs the revenue or not; it is not a question whether we are levying duties for the purpose of raising revenue to go into the Treasury; it is not a question whether the majority of the American people are to be benefited by this bill; but it is a scramble, a trade, and a bargain on the part of gentlemen on that side of the House to see who can get the most of the steal in this bill. It is a mere bargain and sale; a trade, a scramble, a grab-game; and it seems that those who have got their maw into it are standing watch so as to crowd all the rest out. The whole thing is a steal and a robbery of the great American people."

A game of grab on a scale of national magnitude would naturally be carried out with the least possible discussion. There were 156 pages in the bill. Discussion ended on page 42. At this point amendments were allowed to be printed in the *Congressional Record*, but no debate could be had on any of them. From that point the bill was pushed and pulled by main strength and heaviness. All the property and business of the country was tugged at by yeas and nays only. The vast industries of which tin plate is the basis, the canning and roofing and household-utensil manufactures, were ravaged by a majority of one, the vote standing 150 to 149. The duty on jute yarn was fixed by a clerical error at 30 per cent. instead of 35, as was intended by the Committee; and when it was sought to correct the error, the motion was defeated by a majority of one, the vote standing 143 to 144. In this way the private fortunes of millions of people were disposed of, and the most astounding instance of Socialistic legislation of our time was put through under the lash.

Senator Plumb's motion, adopted by the Senate on a test vote, requiring the Finance Committee to furnish, with any tariff bill reported by it, a statement showing the amount of money now collected under each item, and the amount to be collected under the same items of the new bill, and also the reasons for increase of duty, if any, and (as amended on motion of Senator Hawley) the reasons for decrease of duty, if any, and (as amended on motion of Senator Reagan) the equivalent ad-valorem rate of the specific duties in every case where practicable, is distinctly a blow at the McKinley bill, and may almost be regarded as a death-blow. It is a matter of some significance that this cumbersome resolution was not resisted by the Finance Committee, although it was opposed by Senators Sherman and Morrill, who are members of the Committee. All that Senator Allison did was to suggest the words "where practicable" as a modification of Senator Reagan's amendment, and Senator Allison's colleague, Mr. Wilson, voted with Plumb on the roll-call. Evidently now is the time for the committee of New York merchants to move on the enemy's works. They could not have a more favorable signal.

Senator Wilson of Iowa has reported from the Committee on the Judiciary a substitute for the bill recently brought forward to meet the emergency created by the Supreme Court's "original-package" decision. The substitute provides that "when any intoxicating liquors shall be transported from one State or Territory to another, or from any foreign country, such liquor shall, when the actual and continuous transportation of the same shall have terminated, be considered to have ceased to be the subject of inter-State commerce and be a part of the common mass of property within the State or Territory, and subject to the respective powers of the State or Territory in respect of all police regulations of prohibition, regulation, or taxation." Substantially such a measure as this should be passed without any unnecessary delay. The present state of things is intolerable. For example, in western Pennsylvania towns which forbid the sale of liquors, a firm of Ohio brewers has begun selling beer in "original packages" of an *eighth, a quarter, or a half of a barrel*, as they appear to have a right to do under the Supreme Court's decision. Apparently the only thing that will put an end to such scandals is the passage by Congress of such a bill as Senator Wilson has just reported.

The silver debate in the Senate has given rise to a discussion of the question whether the greenback-redemption fund of $100,000,000 is a greenback-redemption fund, or simply a part of the general resources of the Treasury. This question was raised by an amendment to the Silver Bill, offered by Senator Plumb, providing that the Secretary of the Treasury should not keep on hand more than $110,000,000 at any one time. Senator Sherman objected that the business of the Department could not be carried on with so small a balance as $10,000,000 in the general fund, that being the amount which would be left to the Secretary if the Plumb amendment should be adopted. Mr. Plumb replied that, on the contrary, he would have $110,000,000 for all purposes, including greenback redemption. Mr. Sherman pointed out that $100,000,000 had been expressly accumulated for the resumption and maintenance of specie payments on and *after* January 1, 1879, and that Congress had at a later period (1882) passed another act recognizing the principle by appropriate words, viz: "That the Secretary of the Treasury shall suspend the issue of gold certificates whenever the amount of *gold coin and bullion in the Treasury reserved for the redemption of United States notes* falls below $100,000,000." The words in italics certainly do recognize a fixed sum of a particular metal as "reserved" for a specified and definite purpose. The Act of 1882 was an express acknowledgment of the preëxisting fact that about $100,000,000 of gold (the exact amount was $95,500,000) had been accumulated by the sale of bonds for the redemption of United States notes. That the language of the act of 1882 was not mandatory in form is nothing to the purpose if its meaning is clear, and we do not see how it could be made clearer without being mandatory. It is all the more binding in morals from the fact that it was, at the time, universally conceded and agreed that such a fund existed as a reserve fund for a special purpose. It was not until many years later that any question was raised concerning the sacredness of this fund.

Another question, somewhat of the same character, was raised by Senator Daniel of Virginia, and that is whether the Coinage Act of 1873, which dropped the silver dollar from the list of American coins, was passed by stealth and fraud. Mr. Daniel so affirmed. Mr. Sherman affirmed the contrary, and produced evidence that the bill was before Congress for two years and was frequently debated, and that everybody knew who cared to know that the silver dollar was dropped. Senator Stewart supported the contention of Senator Daniel until he was reminded that he was in the Senate at the time and voted for the bill. This blow would have knocked down an ox, but it had no effect upon Stewart, whose ready answer was that he did not then know what he was voting for. Very likely. Very likely, too, he does not know what he is voting for now. The truth is, as everybody knows, that the silver dollar was an unknown and functionless coin in 1873, existing only in cabinets of curiosities, worth more than the gold dollar, and that it was dropped by general consent as any other disused piece might have been.

The meaning of the silver plank in the national Republican platform was the subject of dispute in the Senate on May 14. Senator Stewart was making a long-winded speech in favor of free coinage, in the course of which he said that the Republican party was committed to free coinage by its platform. Senator Eustis of Louisiana asked him whether that was merely his interpretation of the platform, or whether it was the interpretation of those who prepared the silver plank. Mr. Stewart replied that he drew the plank himself, and that he ought to know what it meant, and that the phraseology "using both gold and silver as money" would be non-

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sense unless it meant free coinage of both. Senator Farwell interrupted to say that he also was on the platform committee, and that he did not construe the silver plank that way, and that he knew of others who did not. Then Stewart asked Farwell what it did mean, and the latter replied that it meant this:

"That we were in favor of both gold and silver as money at the market price; that the Government should buy, say, a thousand dollars' worth of silver and coin it into a thousand units. That is what I meant, and that is what I hold it to mean now. The free coinage of silver should be at what it cost the Government, and not at seventy cents."

Thereupon Mr. Stewart made fun of the idea of "free coinage at the market price," which certainly is a contradiction in terms. The plank in the Chicago platform is in these words:

"The Republican party is in favor of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the Democratic Administration in its efforts to demonetize silver."

If we were asked what this resolution means scientifically, we should say that it means what Mr. Stewart says it does, because a metal cannot be considered as money if its coinage is restricted. Any professor of political economy, being asked by his class to interpret the words, would be obliged to interpret them in that way. It is true that no particular ratio of silver to gold is expressed in the resolution, but, in the absence of any, the ratio now established by law (16 to 1) must be assumed to have been intended.

It is much more to the purpose to inquire what the Committee on Resolutions meant, and what the Convention meant, when this plank was put in the platform. Speaking broadly, we should say that both Committee and Convention meant anything that would catch votes. Senator Blair was quite right in holding this view. If the platform meant anything in particular, why, he asked, had not the party passed the Blair Education Bill? That was quite as plainly indicated as a part of Republican policy as free coinage of silver. Very true, but with this difference, that if each member of the Convention had been taken into a corner and asked what he thought the education plank meant, he could have told, while if all had been asked what the silver plank meant, none of them except Stewart, and possibly Farwell, could have told, and these would have told contrary stories. Most people think that we are now using both gold and silver as money because they see both in circulation more or less, and because they know that they can have either gold or silver by asking for it. This condition answers the popular conception of using both gold and silver as money, and this is what the Convention thought it was voting for—all except Stewart. That sly statesman, who did not know what he was doing when he voted in 1873 to drop the silver dollar from the coinage, did know what he was doing when he drew the silver plank in the Chicago platform. But since men do not like to have beliefs smuggled into them, nobody will believe in free coinage of silver any more, now that Stewart has shown us how smart he was, than before.

Mr. Cabot Lodge has, in an interview, dealt very skilfully but very gently with Mr. Clarkson's deliverances on the question of civil-service reform. He assumed that all that part of Mr. Clarkson's speech in Boston which consists of an attack on the merit system of appointment as at present carried out, was a joke—perhaps as good a way of disposing of it as could be expected from a faithful adherent of the Administration like Mr. Lodge. He then went on to show that Mr. Clarkson's position that *all* offices should be held by the party in power would never have been thought of, "if the holders of the subordinate places had not been taught for years that the right to carry letters or run errands for the Government depended on their political activity." He also affirmed that experience had shown that the use of the patronage for party purposes at the polls was a source of weakness rather than of strength; concurred with Clarkson in repudiating a civil-service pension system; denied that, under the present system, heads of departments selected their own subordinates in the unclassified service, and said they were selected for them by Congressmen, which is strictly true. Unfortunately, we fear the party leaders are far more in accord on this matter with Clarkson than with Lodge. Lodge is sound, but Clarkson seems to be orthodox. We find the following in the Washington correspondence of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which stands very close to the Administration and speaks its sentiments with a certain authority:

"The Boston speech of Gen. Clarkson is very satisfactory to the members of the Administration. It is regarded as a fair exposition of the Republican position on the questions discussed. There is a perceptible modification of the early views in reference to the civil-service work. There is a movement on foot to introduce some very radical changes in the organic act of the service. The speech of Gen. Clarkson was somewhat in the nature of a valedictory to his official life, as he is getting his affairs in condition to retire about the end of June. In connection with the enterprises in which he will embark he expects to continue in active party work. He feels that he can accomplish more untrammelled by office duty. A member of the Cabinet, referring to the speech to-night, said: 'I endorse every word of it.'"

By the bye, we have never known a time since the Civil-Service Law was passed when there was not "a perceptible modification of the early views in reference to civil-service work," and also "a movement on foot to introduce some very radical changes in the organic act of the service." The "early views" are always found in the platform, and the "perceptible modification" begins after the party gets into power, and is soon followed by "the movement for radical changes." This is true of both sides, but we think the Democrats have never gone as far as the Republicans did under Cleveland, when they abused the Administration bitterly for not carrying out the spoils system to its utmost extent. The Democrats have always reproached the Republicans for not living up to their professions, while the Republicans have strenuously urged on the party in power a policy of general perfidy and wickedness. Happily, the "radical changes" are never brought about. When the time comes to make them, the grumblers lose heart and let the "humbug" and the "fraud" go on its way.

The most striking attribute of the two newspapers with which the President's son is connected as part proprietor, *Judge* of this city and the *Journal* of Helena, Montana, is their frank contempt for anything like morals in politics. An obviously inspired Washington despatch which was sent on May 14 and published in the *Journal*, announced that "Senator Quay never stood so well at the White House as he does now, and the attacks upon him have awakened the sympathy of the President, because he recognizes that they have been made for partisan reasons; the Senator calls at the White House frequently, and can always get the ear of the President when other persons are refused interviews." Almost simultaneously with this defence and "vindication" of Quay in Montana, appears the following similar service for Clarkson in *Judge* in this city: "Mr. Clarkson will resign from the Post-office Department. He chopped off many heads with neatness and despatch, and is therefore the best of civil-service reformers. The President will never find a better man for his place, and it is to be hoped that he will leave his axe well sharpened." Thus the two organs of the Harrison family unite in openly expressed contempt for moral obligations in political conduct and for Presidential fidelity to civil-service reform pledges.

The passage of a ballot-reform law in New Jersey brings the number of States which have enacted such laws this year up to four, and swells the entire number which have secured them since the agitation of the reform began in 1887 to fourteen. The New Jersey law is in some respects different from all the others. It is not so good a law as most of them, but it is better than the Connecticut law, which is the poorest of all. While modelled on the Australian system, the New Jersey law contains the serious defect of allowing the official ballots, which are to be printed and distributed at the public expense, to be obtainable five days in advance of election by any one who will apply for them. This, of course, will enable the party bosses to have the tickets put in the hands of their followers outside the polling-places. The bosses cannot follow the voters to the polls to see how they vote, for no electioneering is permitted within 100 feet of the polling-places, and voters are required to put their ballots in envelopes, in a secret compartment, before depositing them. The official envelopes are to be obtained nowhere except in the polling-places on election day. This envelope requirement may be of some service in preventing the consummation of corrupt bargains, but it will not counteract entirely the evil which is made possible by the distribution of ballots in advance of election, and the use of such ballots whether obtained inside or outside the polling-places. The ballots are to be similar to those required by the New York Reform Law, each party or faction or movement having a separate one for its candidates. The great

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gains of the New Jersey law are that the control of elections and ballots is removed from the political machines, that "heelers" and workers are driven away from the polls, that nominations may be made by petitions, and that there must be absolute secrecy in voting. These constitute a great improvement over the old system.

The Central Labor Union is quick to comprehend the advantages which third-party and independent movements have gained by the new election law. Its members met on Sunday, and, after calling attention to the facts that independent organizations can now "place candidates before all the voters without being subjected to an enormous and practically prohibitive expense for printing and distributing tickets," and that "it is now possible for men to vote in absolute secrecy for the candidates of their choice without fear of intimidation," resolved that they saw "in the immediate present a hopeful opportunity for a popular movement to smash all the political machines, and restore to the city of New York a 'government of the people, for the people, by the people.'" They appointed a committee to consider and report upon the best means for accomplishing this purpose. Tammany Hall is also sensible of what has happened, and is holding meetings in all its district organizations, at which the new Election Law is expounded; and its workers are all cudgelling their brains to see how they can "beat the law" in order to circumvent its secrecy obligations. What are the respectable citizens doing? Are they showing as much eagerness as either the machines or the labor agitators are? Are they appointing committees to consider and report upon the best way by which to improve the opportunity presented by the new law in order to give the city a genuine popular uprising, not merely against the machines, but in the interest of intelligent government? There is no time to be lost if a movement of this kind is going to be started this year with hope of success at the polls.

The instructions given to the commander of the revenue cutter *Bear* respecting the capture of sealing vessels in Alaskan waters are identical with those of last year, except that captured vessels are to be dismantled, so as to prevent any repetition of the offence during the season. The commander is to warn all persons against entering Bering Sea for the purpose of violating the laws of the United States therein, and particularly the law which provides that no person shall kill any fur seal "within the limits of Alaska Territory or the waters thereof." What those limits are has not been defined. The British Columbian sealers hold that they are the waters within three miles of any land of Alaska Territory. Do we hold the contrary? Not so far as any authentic documentary evidence has been submitted. Not so far as either Congress or the President has declared. We have not gone to the length of laying down one rule for Bering Sea and a different one for the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It would seem, therefore, that the Government has put into the discretion of the commander of a revenue cutter a question of extreme gravity which it has not ventured to decide for itself, and that upon his decision may rest issues of vast importance. Of course, no discussion of the Bering Sea question of any value will be possible until the negotiations between Secretary Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote are made public.

Minister Romero has had published a speech which he delivered in the course of the Pan-American Congress, wherein he took occasion to allude to Mr. Flint's figures brought forward to prove the exceeding generosity of our tariff to South American products. The veteran diplomat but thinly veiled his scorn for the assertion that the United States had been actuated by anything but self-interest and regard to the demands of manufacturers in laying taxes on South American imports. He roundly asserted that if any of the products now admitted free were to come into competition with anything produced in this country, prohibitory or fatally discriminating taxes would be clapped on them at once. The Mexican Minister delicately intimated that he was too well acquainted with the tariff policy of this country, with all its ins and outs, to have any Pan-American wool pulled over his eyes, and predicted that the action of Congress on the question of Mexican lead-ores would be a good test of the professed desire of this country to have a reciprocal trade with the republics to the south of us. A neat rejoinder to Mr. Flint was also made by one of the Argentine delegates. The 87 per cent. of free imports, he said, explain why South American products enter our ports, but they do not explain why the most of them are driven away to Europe by our tariff. "When the honorable delegate estimates the liberality of his tariff on the basis of the articles that come in, he reminds me of a man giving a party who should be surprised at the fact that out of a hundred people in his parlors, eighty came there on his invitation. What would surprise me would be not the eighty friends, but the twenty intruders; and if the giver of the reception still wished to prove to us his reputation for munificence, I should need to ask how many people had been shut out from the enjoyment of his hospitality."

There can be no doubt that the Argentine Republic is suffering severely from the financial crisis now fully upon her. Immigration during the first three months of the year has decidedly fallen off, and a new feature in the returns is the springing up of a movement of emigration, no less than 13,000 persons having abandoned the country in the period mentioned. The volume of foreign commerce has also undergone considerable diminution, and the customs receipts are diminishing in consequence. Still, the Administration is making a more resolute and intelligent effort to face the difficulty than it has before displayed. President Celman has taken occasion in various public addresses and messages to Congress to insist upon the need of a rigid economy in the administration of public affairs. He has given the best earnest of his determination in cuting down the estimates for the current year by as much as $10,000,000, or about one-sixth of the whole. Remedies for the great evil of a depreciated because immensely inflated currency are diligently sought for, and the lowering premium on gold shows the beneficial effects of contracting the volume of paper money. A new scheme for a national currency, based on land, has been put forward, and, curiously enough, appeals to our own Senator Stanford's similar proposal as a valuable precedent. There is no thought of adopting it, however, there more than here. In spite of all, the country's difficulties are only momentary. As a whole, the national position is sound and the public credit is unimpaired. As the President said at the opening of the great new La Plata harbor, a nation carrying through such a vast enterprise as that, is not going to suffer irremediably from mistakes in financial legislation.

Stanley, in his address at the Guildhall in London on the 13th, made a savage attack on the Ministry, on "Quakerism, peace societies, protection combinations, anti-enterprise companies, and namby-pamby journalism," by which he meant all persons and corporations who doubt the wisdom of England's seizing a large slice of Central Africa, and keeping it against all comers with the strong hand. He says she might have had the Congo region, and made 100 per cent. on the venture, and now Belgium has got it. She might also have had East Africa, and now Germany has got it; and he praises the German Emperor and Maj. Wissmann to the skies as men who know what they want and will stand no nonsense. Lord Salisbury has answered him by denying that any division of East Africa with Germany is yet arranged, and intimated that Stanley in his denunciations did not know what he was talking about, and that, when all was known, it would be found that the missionaries, the explorers, and the trading companies, and everybody else concerned had been properly taken care of. What makes the British public feel blue about East Africa is the accounts the agents of the East African Company are sending home of the high-handed way the Germans are behaving, and a map which Sir Francis de Winton recently published in the *Nineteenth Century*, showing that Germany had got the heart of the continent below the great lakes and as far west as the Congo, while England was shoved away up north towards Sahara. The fact is, as Lord Salisbury has hinted, that Germany is showing in Africa all the push of youthfulness in tropical colonizing. The pinch of trouble and expense will come by and by, while England, which has had a century's experience of fighting barbarians under strange skies, and has settlements all over the world, feels prudent and likes to go slowly. Such rescuing expeditions as those of Abyssinia and the Sudan naturally make a deep impression on the national mind. When Germany has had one or two, she probably will be more cautious.

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FOREIGN RAILWAY COMPETITION.

ONE of the numberless contradictions of which the policy of protection is full, is brought out in the recent report of the Senate Committee on Canadian Competition and in the testimony printed with the report. The same communities which favor high duties on imports, are most earnest in demanding the continuance of the transit trade through Canada of American products. The reason for this demand is, that these communities, by reason of railroad connections through Canada to other parts of the United States, are enabled to ship or receive goods more cheaply than by lines lying wholly within the United States, or are given such exceptional facilities as to make the withdrawal of them a commercial misfortune. Senator Blair labored hard with the railroad witnesses before the Committee to draw out acknowledgments that the forbidding of Canadian railroad competition would compel the payment of higher charges to American roads; and although these witnesses evaded a direct reply, there is no doubt that at first such would be the result in many cases. The reason is plain: the Canadian routes whose competition is most complained of are longer than the corresponding American ones, or encounter some other difficulty which compels them to charge less for carriage to competitive places if they would secure any of the traffic. Such reduction in charges now arranged by an agreed differential or otherwise would, at least at first, be lost to the shipper should the Canadian route be closed by the Federal Government. Washington despatches to Boston papers speak of this as "a sacrifice of New England." The recommendations of Senator Cullom's Committee are, however, very moderate in tone, and less severe than would be justified by the facts collected. The Committee merely recommends a license system for Canadian railroads, or some other plan "not injurious to the general trade and commerce of the country."

The question raised by the quoted remarks is one of fairness and equity. Senator Hoar, Chairman of another Senate committee, that on Relations with Canada, put the matter squarely thus: If Canada chooses to spend millions of money in building and running a railway, and if that railway, by reason of such subsidies, can and does carry American products more cheaply than we can carry them ourselves, why should we not get the benefit of that cheapness at Canada's expense? Perhaps as good a way as any to answer this question is to ask another: If a manufacturer in Canada can produce a certain line of goods at lower prices than we can, why should not the New England consumer get the benefit of the cheapness? The usual answer to this is, that an extra price should be laid upon such imports to protect the American manufacturer. As long, then, as protection is our national policy, how can we decently refuse protection to American railroads? And if higher prices for clothes are paid by the New Englander, why should he not also pay higher charges for freights? The parallel runs close throughout. In many of the Pacific charters granted by Congress there is a section or proviso that only rails of American manufacture should be used. In any case, whether built under a Federal or State law, the American road purchases rails and all materials at protected prices, pays a high scale of wages in all departments, and at the same time is compelled under present conditions to sell its product (*i. e.*, transportation) at prices fixed by a foreign and, perhaps, Government-aided rival; and not a part of its product merely, for, under our long-and-short-haul rule, these foreign prices affect the whole traffic of the road. To take a slightly different illustration: Suppose Congress should allow manufactured goods to come in duty free, while taxing the raw material. There is no practical difference between such a plan and taxing the material of which the American plant is made, while allowing the Canadian roads free entrance to our cities.

There is no logical escape from the conclusion that Canadian railroad competition as it exists to-day is a direct violation of the protective principle. New England Republicans are now favoring the protective policy as regards their manufactures, and at the same time demanding a free-trade policy in transportation, without a blush for their stultifying position; but others see the absurdity clearly. If comparative freedom of competition is a good thing as regards the carriage of American products, why is it not equally good in other things? If American railroads can stand it, why cannot American manufacturers? If Senator Blair thinks that the stoppage of transit through Canada would for a time raise the price of breadstuffs in New Hampshire—a thing to be bitterly opposed—what should be said about the extra prices for protected articles now paid by the citizens of the same State? If it is replied that the New Hampshire factory would suffer by the admission of foreign goods free of duty, the easy answer is that the capital invested in railroads is as much entitled to consideration as that of the Manchester mills. That certain American railroads would lose a part of their traffic by the closing of the Canadian routes is true, but these are really acting the part of smugglers or disturbers of the protective peace, and logically have no title or claim upon that part of their business. Finally, if foreign competition is necessary as a "regulator" of American railroad tariffs on grain from the farms of the Northwest, why is it not equally necessary as a regulator of the prices paid by the same farmers on binding-twine?

A CASE OF PARTY DEBASEMENT.

IN Hartford, Conn., a few weeks ago, a city election took place in which Gov. Bulkeley, Chief Magistrate of Connecticut, as one of the leaders of a local Republican faction, had a deep interest. Joined with the Governor as his chief henchman was "Pat" McGovern, a Hartford ward-worker of most unsavory repute. When the votes were counted, it was found that upwards of a hundred "official" ballots issued by the State for elections of the kind were headed by the title "Citizens' Ticket," placed above the full list of the Republican candidates. In the Seventh Ward of the city these irregular ballots led to a contest before the Superior Court, where Judge Thayer some three weeks ago, in a preliminary decision on a demurrer, intimated that their title was a distinguishing mark in violation of the new Connecticut Secret-Ballot Law, and that the ballots were illegal.

On further proceedings the case came into the same court a fortnight ago, and Gov. Bulkeley himself was called to the stand. He testified, as it seems without a blush visible enough to get into the newspapers, that he and McGovern before the election had met in secret conference at which it was decided that these "Citizens'" ballots should be printed and put out. Under cross-examination, the Governor said that the tickets were put out "because there was a demand for them" on the part of electors who didn't like to vote tickets headed "Democratic" or "Republican." Why the tickets, in that case, were not printed without any title at all, to suit the nice scruples of the critical literary voters who wanted the Republican candidates without the Republican head-line; why, also, the Governor, who had himself signed the present law, did not discern that the title was a distinguishing mark by which voters might be detected either separately or *en bloc*—these two points this ingenuous magistrate did not undertake to explain. The State law on the subject is reasonably explicit. It declares that the ballots shall be provided by the Secretary of State to political *parties*, and that the name of the party issuing them shall appear in the title. In this case the Governor's own testimony showed that no "citizens'" party had issued the ballots, but that they were the pure invention of himself and McGovern, who thus headed the list of Republican candidates with a moral as well as political falsehood. Judge Thayer rendered his decision on May 21, and it was in accordance with the intimation he had previously given, "that ballots containing the word 'Citizens',' as indicating a party issuing the same, were void, and consequently that Talcott was elected Alderman in the Seventh Ward at the recent election." This was the only question brought before the Court. It is to be considered, however, that the Connecticut law furthermore provides grave penalties for any person "who shall violate any provision of this act." Under a moderately strict construction of the statute, therefore, it is possible that Connecticut's Governor is open to a criminal prosecution.

As a violation of high official dignity, of political ethics, and of the law itself, the case is surely bad enough. But it is less with Gov. Bulkeley that we have to deal in the offence than with the Republican party in the State that stands sponsor for the man and his acts. With full knowledge of Bulkeley's character and his peculiar shady tactics in Hartford politics, a Republican State Convention chose him two years ago without opposition as its candidate for Governor. It was a Presidential

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year; Bulkeley was famous as a political "hustler," who knew how to handle money, who had the money to handle, and who could carry out effectively the scheme attributed to him, in his own phrase, of "working the scalawags." In other words, he stood to his party in the State in very much the same relation as Matt Quay to his party in the nation. He polled, too, almost his full party vote, and was duly chosen Governor by his party's representatives in the Legislature. And now, when he reappears as a trickster in city politics, we have looked in vain through the Republican press of the State for signs of the indignation which this disclosure ought to excite. In the more than century-old and eminently respectable Hartford *Courant*, proud of its Federalist and Whig heritage, no comment appears as to a scandal on which every Republican moralist in Connecticut ought to focus his wrath. The New Haven *Palladium's* only emotion in the matter appears to be one of admiration that the Governor did not commit perjury on the witness stand. "Morgan G. Bulkeley," it says, "is no trimmer. His testimony in the matter of 'Citizens' Tickets' was fully and candidly given; and when he had finished every one knew the facts. Such a trait commands the instinctive admiration of every man." And this in a New England commonwealth where the Republican party and its lineal predecessors used so to plume themselves on dignity, on purity, and on social and moral altitude—a State, too, where the Governor's office is much more dignified than powerful. Picture the effect on his party had Gov. Roger Sherman Baldwin in 1844 devised a trick to evade an election law, or had Gov. Henry Dutton in 1854 put a "distinguishing mark" on official ballots, or had Gov. Buckingham a few years later held a secret conference with a vulgar ward politician of Norwich to carry an election by violating a statute which, as Chief Magistrate of the State, he had signed!

We commend this episode of Republican party debasement, in one of those New England States where the party was cradled, to the prayerful attention of all its good deacons and church members.

THE GOVERNMENTS AND THE LABORERS.

THE workingmen in the great capitals have now made the May demonstration in favor of eight hours as a day's work and other improvements in their condition, and the leading Governments of Europe have nearly all made the admission that the labor problem is the leading political question of the day. The German Emperor has, as everybody knows, taken the lead in the matter, and announced his intention of improving the lot of the working classes in some manner, and of smashing anybody who interferes with his plans. An international conference was held on his invitation in Berlin a few weeks ago, and he has since then treated the matter in a speech from the throne at the opening of the Reichstag. Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, France, Italy, Holland, Portugal, Sweden and Norway, and Switzerland all took part in the conference. Something great ought to have come of it, but what did come was simply a series of recommendations touching restrictions on the labor of minors and women in mines and factories, and on Sunday labor, nearly every one of which is already in force in England and America and France. There was a good deal of academical discussion of the laborers' condition, but the attempt to arrive at an international agreement restricting the hours of labor of adults, which was the original object of the conference as proposed by the German Emperor, was abandoned as impracticable at the very outset. The very suggestion showed the singularly cloudy condition of the imperial mind touching the whole matter.

In his speech from the throne at the opening of the Reichstag, he cut down his programme, as set forth in the "rescripts," by fully one-half, and proposed simply measures which, whatever their practical value, are within the reach of his own Parliament. He suggested the prohibition of Sunday labor, the legal protection for workingmen's lives and health and morals, some increase in the authority of working-class parents over their children, and the creation of machinery of arbitration between workmen and employers, and so on. The recommendations were all very vague, and can hardly have any serious result beyond exciting in the minds of the working class in Germany great expectations of improvement in their condition from some sort of governmental interference. Not one of them touched the central cause of working-class discontent, namely, the desire for more money for less work. As a rule, the working classes are not troubled seriously about their morals, or the unruliness of their children, or the risks of their callings. What they complain of is, that they do not receive a sufficient share of the wealth which they produce, and do not get leisure enough in which to enjoy it. The Emperor gave a touch of satire to his social remedies by proposing immediately after them a large increase of the army, or, in other words, a great increase of expenditure in the maintenance of idle consumers of the national produce, who have to be supported by the working classes.

The Pope, too, could hardly be expected to let the occasion pass by without having a say on it. So he has written a letter about the labor question to the Archbishop of Cologne, in addition to the one he wrote to the Emperor in answer to an invitation to take part in the conference at Berlin. His plan for solving the problem is simple enough. The duty of the Holy See is to "proclaim the principles of real justice, to teach respect for the dignity of human nature in the person of the workingman," and to "awaken in the conscience of the workingman himself the sense of duty," and "make him faithful, moral, sober, and honest." It will be easily seen that this does not help the world very much at this crisis. What is making all the trouble is the discontent of the working classes, and what the working classes complain of is not that they are short of morality or religion, but that they do not get paid enough for their labor, and have not as much time to themselves as they would like. They are not in the least grateful to people who give them good advice about their conduct of life.

We may go through all the governmental and professional utterances which the pending labor crisis has called forth in Europe, with similar results. They all avoid the real question. All the Governments which propose to do anything in the matter, propose to do something which the workingmen either do not care for at all or do not greatly care for. They propose more State guardianship of the workingman, when what he wants is more liberty and more spending money. As far as we can see at present, the net result of the great interest which they are now showing in the condition of the working classes is to strengthen and spread the belief that the employing classes are in possession of a fund or reservoir of wealth of which the manual laborers do not get their share, and the more equal division of which ought to be and can be enforced by legislation.

This idea crops out clearly in all the addresses of the labor leaders. In asking for eight-hour days, they are not troubled in the least by the argument that if it should diminish production, the working classes would be worse off. They hold that any loss incurred in this way could and would be made up by diminishing the share of the capitalist class, and, more than this, that by the same process the means of employing more laborers would be furnished. That the condition of laborers would not be sensibly improved by an equal division among them of all the profits of all the capitalists in the world is capable of mathematical demonstration; but it would not, for the reason we have given above, make much impression. The belief that somewhere there exists a store of good things which Government can, if it pleases, dole out, would still exist. It is this belief which the Emperor William's amiable talk, and the governmental fuss in other countries that has followed it, are strengthening. The labor leaders look on it all as a sign of fear, and of a desire to temporize and put off the evil day when the luxuries of life will have to be equally diffused. In fact, there appears to be every sign that we are entering on a period of extraordinary folly in the economical world.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONDITION OF MEXICO.

THE present régime in Mexico is a republic so strongly centralized that it appears like an autocracy with a democratic nomenclature. Yet it is far from despotism. The men at the helm act, in fact, with the consent of the governed, at least of the great majority thereof, because that majority perceives that this manner of governing is the only one adapted to the present wants of the Mexican population, and that, while tyranny and too great arbitrariness would not last, a looser

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form of governing the people would cause a relapse into chaos. It is difficult for the average American to conceive accurately the working of a power which, while observing the outward forms of democracy, still acts quite independently in the main, and often contrary (in appearance) to the principles of a republic. It is, however, necessary that it should act in this way, owing to the nature of the population of Mexico. There is not, as yet, a strictly national type; that type is only just forming, and what it will be when formed it is not safe to predict. There are as yet too many local shades, and especially racial differences. In this respect the course of development was, in Mexico, the reverse of what it has been in the United States. There, sectional types are gradually blending into a national picture. In the northern republic local variations are growing out of an original homogeneity. The cause of this difference lies in the historical development of the two countries.

Some parts of Mexico were found by the Spaniards much more densely inhabited by Indians than any part of the United States was at the time of its first discovery. Instead of crowding out the natives, as was done in the north, the Spanish Government recognized in them the first and principal resource of the land, and began to train them for the ends and aims of civilization. This was a very slow and tedious task, and one which required centuries of patient toil. When the insurrection against Spain broke out in the beginning of this century, the work had not been half performed. The Spanish language had not penetrated, as a medium of daily intercourse, into many provinces; the Christian religion had scarcely superseded more than the most bloody rites of antiquity; tribal distinctions still separated district from district, even village from village, and the idea of humanity was borne by the Indians as a chain of bondage. To shake off the Spanish rule signified, for the aborigines, return to the primitive state.

A comparatively limited number of Spanish settlers occupied Mexico, and their offspring (the Creoles) felt justly slighted by the conduct of the mother country towards them. But while they were hostile towards the native Spaniards, there was little cordiality between them and the Indians. They united temporarily against the Spaniard, only to return with greater sincerity to their mutual state of mistrust, as soon as the main point, political independence, was secured. Thus the population was divided, at the very inception of the Republic, into two distinct, not to say hostile, camps, of which one, the Creoles, enjoyed the superiority in culture and means; the other, the Indians, the great superiority in numbers. Between the two, a numerous class of Mestizos constituted, not so much a link as a population of transfuges and spies, betraying both sides or joining either, as the balance of power seemed to pass from one to the other. The superior intellectual attainments of the Creole, however, established him in a position which but few among the Indians could reach. This helped to perpetuate in Mexico a social classification which no constitution, no proclamation of first principles, could obliterate, and which will remain for a long while yet. It is not an aristocracy of birth, not strictly a moneyed aristocracy either; it is rather one originally of racial origin, coupled with, but not exclusively based upon, financial standing. That the latter is no criterion is shown by the fact that the most modest man of business who claims to be a Creole looks down upon the richest but unpolished Indian; whereas, the educated Indian enjoys the same prerogatives as the well-to-do Creole or foreigner.

The Indian of Mexico is not always illiterate. Formerly the Church, of late public instruction in country schools, has done much for him. But he is always, to say the least, "peculiar," suspicious, and easily influenced to commit violence, even against his own race (provided it be not of the same village), but principally against the whites or against foreigners.

It is often stated that the Indians of Mexico are the only class there who work. The inference is drawn that consequently they are the real and only hope of the country. Truly, the so-called upper classes, even if they are poor, scarcely do any manual labor. This is not limited to the Mexican people proper. The same thing happens with all foreigners after they have resided in Mexico for a certain length of time. They accustom themselves to use the *criado*, the *mozo*, the *cargador*, as much as the natives use them; many of them deplore the "unfortunate position" of these "poor, down-trodden" people, while at the same time they are exceedingly watchful to guard against overcharges by these objects of their philanthropic commiseration. It was inevitable in Mexico, this formation of a lower class: it resulted naturally from conditions prevailing at the time of the conquest, and from the firm determination, persistently executed, of the Spanish Government to preserve the Indian. The breach between the two races was too great, in culture, to make it possible for the Indian to cross it at once. Spain sought to lead him across the chasm gradually. To do this, the Indian had to be trained, beginning at the very lowest level of European society, as it was then constituted.

A strong and to some extent paternal government is, therefore, required, in view of the mode in which the population of Mexico is constituted. It must sustain the mentally weak, and shield the numerically feeble from explosions of inconsiderate anger or jealousy on the part of the others. At the same time, it must be able to prevent ambitious elements of the more educated classes from exercising a fatal influence upon those below, using the latter for purposes detrimental to the peace and prosperity of the country. Where social differences are so pronounced as they are in Mexico, a government by all for all is impossible.

For the material development of the country the working faculties of its people deserve chief consideration. Among the higher classes there is no lack of ingenuity and skill. What they need is technical training, and, together with it, a certain amount of moral training to give them the tenacity of purpose that creates an inventive spirit. We must remember first that in tropical countries the facilities afforded for mere subsistence do not foster the desire to improve the mode of living artificially. Hence the necessity of invention is not as great as in climes where the contrast of seasons alone impels man to aid or to combat nature for his own benefit. Furthermore, the whole past of Mexico has given little room for the development of industrial skill. After Spain had once instituted its suicidal policy of isolating the colonies, industrial growth was stifled; for where there is no hope of improvement in production there is little motive for invention. With the period of dissensions and troubles inaugurated by independence, the arts of peace could not flourish, so that the present apathy of the Mexican people towards industry and technical and mechanical progress is easily explained, whereas it is no proof of their inability to perform work in that direction. Time is required above all—time spent in peace, and with a feeling of security for all achievements.

The Indian possesses natural mechanical skill, but in a peculiar way. As early as the sixteenth century, one of the many clerical educators of the Mexican Indians remarked that, while the Indian displayed surprising deftness and real skill in the working out of details, he lacked general ideas, was incapable of symmetrical conception of a whole. This is very true to-day, although much improvement is visible. Still, for a long time to come, notwithstanding the efforts at general education, for which the present Mexican Government is to be so highly commended, ere the Indian can enter the lists as a successful competitor in industry and manufactures, much patience, and, above all, much simple manual training, will be necessary.

Nature in Mexico has the general reputation of being overburdened with riches. The inhabitants are often reproached with being unworthy to own such a paradise. But Mexico is far from being uniformly rich in natural products. The surface of the republic is extremely varied in its topography, and whereas the greatest portion of it lies within the tropics, its northern sections resemble closely the Southwest of the United States, and are in many places perhaps even more forbidding on account of aridity. It is well known that Mexico has no navigable rivers. Some of its streams can be used for small craft for a short distance, but they bear no comparison with any of the mighty arteries of the United States. On the Gulf coast there are no real harbors. The Bay of Vera Cruz is not a bay. It is an enormous inroad made by the sea into the sandy beach, where, at one place, large steamers may anchor within reach of the shore. The outlets of the rivers at Tampico, Tuxpan, and other places are closed to larger craft by bars of sand and *débris* which until now it has not been possible to remove. The approach to Mexico by sea has been rendered difficult by nature itself. On the west coast it is easier: Acapulco and Mazatlan, for instance, have good harbors. In the interior there are but few lagunes, and the water supply of the regions north of the City of Mexico is scanty and irregularly distributed. On the other hand, the Northern States of the Republic are those which contain the richest mineral deposits. Sonora has extensive coal fields. In regard to the precious metals, those who might enter Northern Mexico with great expectations should have their attention called to the fact that the further north one goes, and the more he approaches the boundary of the United States, the more that peculiar and often deceitful formation called "pockets" prevails. There are probably rich deposits of silver yet undiscovered in the heart of the northern Sierra Madre, but the difficulties of transportation have hitherto more than offset their eventual intrinsic value. Southern Mexico is less rich in ores. There the vegetable kingdom unfolds its treasures, accompanied by all the drawbacks which a tropical climate and tropical vegetation present to man.

These drawbacks are often not sufficiently recognized, and when the enterprising Northerner at last comes to realize them, it is sometimes too late. Precious woodlands, proper for the cultivation of exotic staples, lie usually in regions where exuberance offers serious obstacles to man, and where the climate not unfrequently permits acclimatization only to a second generation. These are natural features which man cannot change, to which he must submit, and under the influence of which he

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will undergo gradual transformation himself. That transformation will enable him to comprehend much in the present mental and physical condition of the Mexican people that history does not explain, and he will see then why certain things are and must be in Mexico, while they do not and cannot exist elsewhere.

On the natural products of the country its future industry and commerce are largely dependent. Its agriculture is limited by the topography of the land. There are few countries more "accidented" than Mexico in its southern parts. Few of the States are one continuous tropical forest—Yucatan appears to be, when once the arid coast-belt is traversed. There it would seem that all products of the hot regions might flourish with equal facility; and yet Yucatan imports maize! The great American staple grows there, of course, but it seems that the quality of the grain is inferior. Such local phenomena are common. They impart a semblance of great diversity of resources, but at the same time they limit the possibilities for one or the other important product to areas that are small in comparison with those over which in the United States or in Europe the culture of great staples can extend. At the same time they restrict commerce and compel foreign importations to cater to a great variety of local tastes and wants.

Many of the valuable vegetable products of Mexico have not yet been touched; many are as yet scarcely known outside of their homes. In these there lie powerful resources for the country. To render them available it requires peace and order. As varied as the topography is the ethnography of the country, and order cannot be maintained successfully by the same means in every section. There are to-day whole districts where the authority of the Government is as null as the influence of the Church; others where a foreigner is unknown, or at least an exceedingly rare bird. The opening of the soil of Mexico is yet in its infancy, and it can only expand if there is stability in the central power. That stability seems to be insured. The prospects for the future of our sister Republic appear, therefore, to be fairly bright.

Foreigners who earnestly desire to make Mexico their home will always be welcome there. To succeed, it is first of all necessary to abandon all unreasonable expectations of Mexico based on its natural resources, its climate, its population. Next, all thought of appearing there as a missionary of culture should likewise be abandoned. Much improvement is indispensable in Mexico, but it will come slowly, as a reform grounded upon natural and historical conditions, and not in the shape of effervescent proselytism. Finally, honest acceptance of the condition of affairs, submission to the laws, and adaptability to accepted customs are required there as well as in the United States or in any other portion of the globe. The immigrant who observes these rules will meet with no opposition from the people, and least of all from its Government. Bad elements exist in Mexico, of course, as everywhere else; but never before since the end of Spanish rule have they been so effectually checked, so successfully controlled, as during the administration of Gen. Porfirio Diaz.

LABOR DAY IN EUROPE.

MILAN, May 2, 1890.

THE great day has come and gone. The ruin of society, which the heated imagination of most Continental governments had expected if the workingmen of Europe were to be allowed to "demonstrate" all on the same day, has not happened. The dreaded spectre of the red-handed laborer wading in the gore of his enemies, the capitalists, has changed into something very like a small boy with "'arf a brick" in his hand. Something like sanity has begun to be visible in the press again, and one can now fairly review the question as it stands.

There can be no doubt that the anxiety of the governments was very genuine. For the first time what appeared to be the voice of reason had joined itself to the clamors of violence, and presented to Europe an "Internationale" more terrible than that of fire and sword. The watchword of the leaders in the new campaign was the eight-hour day. The old cry of "Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for 'recreation,'" was revived and made the text of flaming demands that all the laborers of Europe should unite in abstaining from work on the first of May and in "demonstrating" their allegiance to this programme.

There seems every reason to believe that nothing more was intended than a peaceable declaration of principles, manifested, as such declarations are wont to be, by public meetings and processions in the streets. But these are precisely the things which the Continental Government, backed by the well-to-do citizen with something to lose, cannot think of without a shudder. The response to the workingmen's peaceful proposition was, therefore, as might have been expected, a declaration of war. The different countries took measures, each according to its alarm. Germany, already hopelessly committed to the policy of forcible repression of all "dangerous" sentiments, had no need of any special enactments. Government laborers were simply warned not to abstain from work, on pain of dismissal, and many large firms followed the same plan. Others put the question to vote, and allowed such of their operatives as chose to take an extra holiday. Italy, in violation of a fundamental law, prohibited all assemblies on the 1st, and proceeded to mass soldiers at dangerous points in case of need. France, the starting-point of the present movement, and with more reason than any other Government to dread the consequences of any great gathering of people in her capital, took all measures needed to prevent disorder, and succeeded. England let the thing take its course, trusting, as it has so often done, to the natural effect of liberty in making men responsible for their own acts. Switzerland followed the same course.

Milan was a fairly favorable point from which to observe the European method of dealing with popular manifestations. It is, in many respects, the chief city of modern Italy. Its population of over three hundred thousand is mainly engaged in manufacturing. It is not a centre of culture, like Florence, nor of ancient traditions and new governmental interests, like Rome. Far more than either of these it represents the pure modern industrial community, with its sharp contrasts of employers and employees. Naturally, therefore, the alarmist in Italy had pointed with especial distinctness to Milan as likely to give most serious trouble on the awful day. It was probably with a sense of great relief that the well-meaning citizens awoke on the morning of the 1st to find a heavy rain falling in that determined fashion which promises a long continuance. Rain is a conservative element; it demands the possession of an umbrella as an indispensable condition of respectability. It seems almost, however, as if the good Milanese had forgotten this physical fact, and had actually conspired against themselves, for in the great covered Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele and the adjoining arcades they have provided a gathering-place where five to ten thousand persons can move about with considerable comfort, quite protected from the weather. As the rain continued heavy through the forenoon, their covered retreat became the natural resort for all who wanted to see what was going to happen.

Up to noon everything went on as usual. Shops were open, women were abroad: only a larger proportion of idlers marked the day as different from others. Now and then a company or two of soldiers was marched across the great Cathedral Square, just to remind the people that they were not without "protectors." The rumor spread that the royal palace close by was filled with troops, including a yard full of cavalry. Soon after noon the crowd in the Gallery had become pretty large and a trifle noisy. It was a very harmless-looking crowd. Evidently nine-tenths of the men there had come with the same laudable purpose as my own, simply to be on hand if anything interesting were to happen. The other tenth was made up, as is usually the case at such times, of rough and umbrellaless ragamuffins, not in themselves dangerous persons, but liable to be easily converted into effective mob material. The officers of the law, the picturesque carabinieri, revolver at the hip, marched in pairs up and down the Gallery, trying to look unconcerned, but evidently not quite easy in their minds. Men with their arms full of "labor literature" were crying their wares lustily, and disposing of surprising quantities of bad arguments and excited eloquence. I am bound to chronicle that the patriot of whom I bought my copies cheated me to the extent of 100 per cent. on the price.

As time went on, the lively tongues of the younger "demonstrators" began to wag a little too noisily; cruel jests at the expense of the authorities were flying about; words soon led to crowding, crowding to hustling, and hustling to scuffling. In a twinkling the frightened shop-keepers of the Gallery drew down their iron shutters, the great cafés closed their doors, the police fell to arresting with more promptness than discrimination, and a column of soldiers, which had been awaiting precisely this moment, cleared the Gallery and held it. The alarm spread rapidly around the square. All the principal shops were shut and remained so throughout the day and evening. Women disappeared from the streets and filled the balconies wherever a peep into the square could be had. Troops were drawn up across one of the entrances to the square on the side from which a party of "demonstrators" was said to be approaching. Announcements appeared that the theatres would "repose" for two nights—and this is the whole story.

It has been amusing and instructive to watch the expressions of opinion on the results of the May-Day demonstration in general. All parties agree that it was as harmless an affair as could well be imagined. A few broken heads are all the damage to be recorded in the whole of Europe. As to the explanation of this lack of result, however, opinions differ very widely. The voices friendly to the "laborer," or at all events opposed to repression of him, declare that the outcome was just about what was intended. There was, say these voices, no intention of violence, but only that, on this day, laborers all over the world should feel the unity of their class as a bond superior to all others, and should give peaceable expression to that feeling by taking a holiday and "demonstrating." That great num-

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bers of workmen should prefer not to lose their day's wages, and should have no very profound sentiment of "solidarity," was, under existing circumstances, to be expected.

On the other hand, the "elements of order," as they like to call themselves, are jubilant over the triumph of authority. The declarations of the laborers, they say, mean nothing more nor less than the destruction of existing order. That workingmen should be capable of having opinions and quietly expressing them seems to these elements of society simply impossible. The lack of violent disturbances on the 1st they ascribe, not to any good will on the part of the labor party, but to the wholesome respect inspired by the certainty that any such efforts would be promptly suppressed. They draw from the whole episode the conclusion that the policy of repression has again justified itself. So far as the party is concerned, it will certainly be so much the easier to carry repressive measures in any European Cabinet, whenever the next occasion may arise.

The observer who stands outside both these parties, who sees on the one hand the hard struggle of the laborer, and on the other the desperate necessity now laid upon every European government not to lose any of its energy in internal conflicts, will come to a conclusion quite different from either of these. It seems very clear that the Labor Party—there seems really to be no good substitute for that absurd phrase—has made a decided step in the direction of organization. It has at least succeeded in emphasizing the idea of its own solidarity with sufficient sharpness to keep the whole press of Europe occupied with it for several days. But is this a gain? If the ultimate solution is to be worked out by each country gradually, by methods in harmony with its own history and in proportion to the actual demands of its own people, then this declaration of class interests as superior to those of nationality must only tend to embitter the feeling of the governments towards subjects who seem to them disloyal. Furthermore, such a proclamation of interest by one class is pretty certain to call out the antagonism of other classes. It is already predicted that the next elections in Germany will show a very marked falling off in that support from the other parties by which the great Socialist gains of the late elections were made possible. One must be personally familiar with the intensity of national feeling now dominant in Europe to realize how seriously any party would injure itself by seeming to represent ideas which could be attacked as "foreign." So long as nobody will go to a Wagner opera in Paris, while the average German is taught to use the word "Deutsch" as simply descriptive of all the virtues, an international party must choose its weapons with great discretion, or it will only consolidate the opposition.

Now, in the present crisis, it has not been discreet in this choice. The selection of the eight-hour day as a battle-cry was most unfortunate. The documents distributed in the streets of Milan will serve as fair examples of the arguments by which the shortening of the labor day was commended: If the day be shorter, more laborers will be needed to accomplish the work, and thus all the hosts of the unemployed will find something to do. This increase of occupation will bring an increase in the conditions of health; women will be relieved of labor ruinous to the race, etc., etc. One paragraph rose to this astonishing pitch: If the greedy capitalist really must have sixteen hours of labor done in a day, let him employ two men instead of one, paying to each, of course, the writer added, the full wages of a day. With such stuff as this for its contribution to economic science, little wonder that the new Internationale failed to command any very widespread sympathy.

There remains the question of suppression. A leading Roman paper of to-day calls attention to the significant fact that where the workingmen's associations are the best organized and most conscious of their purposes, they have shown themselves least dangerous to society, and most anxious to separate from themselves those enemies of all parties whose simple watchword is anarchy, and whose method is destruction of whatever exists. It draws the very obvious moral: "Let the workingman alone; let him unite; let him assemble; let him talk as much as he likes; keep the soldiers to fight our foreign enemies, when we settle who those may be; don't get panicky over rumors." All that is very sound advice, but it may well be doubted if it will be heeded. The possession of a handy army is a terrible temptation to any Ministry which has once felt the sense of power. Unquestionably the first duty of a Government is to keep the peace; but between whiles it is bound also to do nothing which shall make breaches of the peace more likely to happen. Whether the policy of repressing freedom of action does not furnish precisely that provocation to violence, is the question which faces Europe to-day.

A careful balancing of the probable results of yesterday's events shows, then, but little change in fundamental conditions. If it marks an epoch in any way, it does not seem at present as if it could be an epoch in the advance of the nations towards a reasonable settlement of existing difficulties, but rather an epoch of increasing bitterness and an obscuring of the true issues to be considered. E. E.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

LONDON, May 4, 1890.

FOR the art critic in London, last week was one of hard labor. On three consecutive days the three large galleries opened their doors to the press. But an advantage of this arrangement was that it helped one to make an interesting comparative study which would scarcely have been possible had a long interval separated the three openings. The result of this study is to give undoubted preëminence to the Grosvenor. The Bond Street gallery, which showed a decided falling off in interest and importance after the dispute among the directors leading to the establishment of what is jocularly called the Halicarnassus, has this year done much to retrieve its reputation. And it is for this reason, in noticing the three exhibitions, that I give it that precedence which would seem by right to belong to the Royal Academy.

The first fact that strikes one on making the rounds is that the success of the Grosvenor is entirely due to the younger men; and the second, that the affected morbidness which of old gave this gallery its notoriety has disappeared, to be replaced by honest, healthy work. Sir Coutts Lindsay, the proprietor and director, has been wise enough to profit by a late split in the New English Art Club, for unfortunately it seems impossible for any art organization to exist long without internal dissensions. This club, of which I have already had occasion to speak in the *Nation*, and which represents much that is best in British art, has hitherto shown in its exhibitions the work chiefly of that little group of men who call themselves the London Impressionists, of the Newlynites, that very clever colony of artists who have settled in a tiny fishing village on the Cornish Coast, and of (perhaps the most promising of all) the younger Scotch painters. But this year, for reasons not revealed to the general public, the Newlyn men refused to have anything to do with the New English Art Club, and their pictures, which might otherwise have been exhibited there, were secured by Sir Coutts Lindsay to give distinction to his walls. The latter, moreover, had the further good sense to obtain the coöperation of the Glasgow men, who have sent him their most important work.

All these artists, whether of Newlyn or of Glasgow, are endeavoring to the utmost of their ability to master the technique of their art, to see things for themselves, and to record their impressions in their own way, with the result that there is strong individuality and brilliancy in almost everything they do, and that their failures are artistically worth far more than the successes of the correct, characterless, academical painter, or of those morbid Neo-Tuscans who never looked at Nature at all, and who, not so long ago, reigned supreme at the Grosvenor. There is indeed a refreshing contrast between the work of men and women who make their studios in village streets and on the sea-coast, or who are the legitimate successors of the French landscape-painters whose inspiration came from Constable and Bonington, and the archaic affectations of the Ruskin-taught, who believe that art began to degenerate when painters first sought to model in the round, and who find it easier to copy the old "squint-eyed Madonnas" than the living human beings about them.

This return to nature, this desire to escape from academical traditions and mediæval limitations, and to be rid of studio properties, is very strikingly shown in the great predominance of landscapes, and this not only at the Grosvenor, but at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery as well. Apparently England, or rather Great Britain, is to have again its great landscape-painters, so sadly in the minority since the days of Constable. The man who in this sort of work stands out most conspicuously at the Grosvenor is James Guthrie of Glasgow, whose name, I venture to say, has hardly been heard in America; it is barely known here save among artists. And he is conspicuous, not merely because he shows one of the biggest pictures in the exhibition, but because of the great excellence of his work. His most important contribution is called "The Orchard," and is a vigorous out-door study of his subject: two children in the foreground picking up the fallen apples, while between the admirably drawn trees you look to a hay-stack in the middle distance, and to a low line of soft blue hills on the far horizon. It is very strong in color, very bold and direct in treatment, very fine and simple in feeling. One can see how susceptible Mr. Guthrie has been to French influence—behind his canvas, as it were, one seems to see many of the great modern Frenchmen; and yet that it does not suggest any one in particular, proves, I think, that he has been able to study them with profit and yet retain his own individuality, just as they could appreciate Constable without becoming his slavish imitators. While this picture is more interesting because it is a more difficult experiment, even more charming is his little "Pastoral," beautiful in color, with the soft harmony of greens broken here and there by the blue line of a winding stream, by the grayish white of the sheep in the foreground, by the reds of the houses half-hidden in the

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foliage on the hill-side beyond, and no less beautiful in composition. It is painted broadly, and, because it is a true record of an impression, is full of that poetic feeling which the literary painter somehow never succeeds in suggesting. For its exposition of the poetry of realism, combined with simple, vigorous technique, this picture could not easily be surpassed.

"Audrey and her Goats," by Mr. Arthur Melville, another Scotchman, challenges comparison with Mr. Guthrie's "Orchard," both by its size and its subject and methods. It also is a landscape with figures. On a great stretch of green Audrey stands, a goat clutched by its horns in either hand, her head, with its vivid red hair, rising against a background of trees, over which Autumn has spread her covering of red, no less vivid. It is a splendid piece of decoration, but it is heavy and painty—the experiment is too obvious, it is not convincing. It just fails where Mr. Guthrie's picture succeeds. But it is the failure of a man whose cleverness makes one prefer it to the cut-and-dried successes of the painter so sure of himself that art to him no longer presents any problems. Mr. Melville has hitherto been better known for his water-colors, and the only one he shows in the same exhibition, a curious impression of "Javonaise Dancers," is a little marvel of brilliant technique and color.

It would be useless here to describe in detail all the other good landscapes, there are so many. I will just mention a few by men who, I think, call for special attention. A third Scotchman, Mr. E. A. Walton, shows one which must be ranked among the very best. It is but a quiet stretch of green meadow land with cattle, and pretends to be nothing else, since its simple title is "A Landscape"; but it is delightful in color and in atmosphere, true in tone, and genuine in feeling. Mr. E. A. Hornel, also from Glasgow, promises to make a name for himself as a colorist; it is the color that strikes one in his "Among the Wild Hyacinths," a rich study in greens and blues, even as it does more forcibly in a remarkable piece of decoration he has painted with Mr. George Henry, his countryman, with (for subject) the Druids bringing in the Mistletoe, in which he has simply revelled in the most gorgeous, brilliant colors, without a touch of vulgarity or coarseness. One can but hope that some day into his hands will fall the decoration of large public buildings in Scotland or in England, and that prosperity will not prove his ruin as it has that of so many other promising painters. Color is also the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. John Reid's landscapes, in which quality and style make up in a great measure for a certain want of truth to nature.

Mr. Henry Muhrman, an American, I believe, is represented by two of his low-toned studies, one with Millet-like figures, which would be so much more satisfactory in every way if he could only see that nature is not all made up of dirty grays and browns. And Mr. Peppercorn, the English student of Corot, has two or three of his soft, hazy sketches which are never seen to advantage in a large exhibition. Mr. Arthur Lemon and Mr. Arthur Tomson both show, by the results of their summer's work in Sussex, that Englishmen need not go to France to find that picturesqueness which Millet loved; while, if there be less tragedy and pathos in their shepherds and laborers, there is probably more realism. Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. William Estall, Mr. Julius Olsson, and Mr. James Paterson are other men to whose future one looks with interest.

Of painters of marine subjects, there are two of distinction of whom England has good reason to boast—Mr. Henry Moore, who carried off the highest honors last summer at Paris, and Mr. Adrian Stokes, one of the little Newlyn group. Both have important and characteristic work at the Grosvenor. Mr. Moore, in his beautiful blue sea, breaking in sand-laden surf on the shore, is perhaps more subtle and more successful in giving the very movement and feeling of the water and waves; but Mr. Stokes paints, as no one else can, the brilliant luminous sky and the clouds just touched by the glowing colors of the sunset, above a cool sea, green as one always sees it off the Cornish coast; he is a poet as well as a painter.

Mr. William Stott of Oldham is a man who belongs to no particular school, unless it be that of Whistler, and who paints pictures that must be classed alone. This year he has given us a charming study of the nude: in a cool green wood, among flowers, and on soft turf, are three women with light gauze drapery, whom he calls "Diana, Twilight, and Dawn." In the immediate foreground is a delightfully decorative arrangement of straight tall irises. The figures are very graceful and well drawn, and treated with great refinement. Two are kneeling, and one lies outstretched in the centre of the composition, her feet towards the spectator, and it is in this figure the one defect of the work is found. She is on level ground, as you see by the position of the kneeling woman at her side, but, to avoid the otherwise necessary violence of foreshortening, the painter has tilted her up as if she were lying on an inclined plank. Because of this defect, many have declared the picture a failure. But its good points are so very good that they make up in a measure for what cannot but be considered a mistake.

Mr. John M. Swan is another man who stands alone. His picture at the Royal Academy last year, "The Prodigal Son," made a real sensation. He is not very young, but he had never exhibited before in the large galleries, and the report was that hitherto he had been altogether in the clutches of the dealers. He is not quite so strong this year, but his "Maternity," a study of a tigress suckling her cubs, is striking for the dignity in the pose of the tigress, in the modelling of the cubs, and in its directness of treatment; to a subject which the average animal-painter does not know how to make interesting, he always adds an indescribable charm by the stretch of vast undefined country he gives as background, and the great depth in the blue of the sky and the far distance.

In figure subjects the exhibition as a whole is weak. The only portrait of note is Mr. Orchardson's study of himself, which he has painted for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. As if conscious of the great masters with whom he must there risk comparison, he has put into it his very best work. It is much more vigorous than the drawing-room picture by which he is usually represented at the Royal Academy; the modelling is good and strong, and, though, as in all his paintings, too yellow in tone, the color is rich and refined. It is by far his best exhibit this year. Mr. George Clausen has a large striking "Girl at the Gate"; but one wishes that a man who has so thoroughly mastered his technique would show a little more originality; but for Bastien-Lepage one feels that this picture would never have been painted. The girl, who stands directly in the foreground facing you, wears a light blue calico dress, and the whole figure, down to the old worn-out boots, is most carefully studied, while the expression of almost despair on her face gives some likelihood to the story abroad that Mr. Clausen had originally called the picture, "A Village Margaret." The perspective of the background, with its little cottage and garden, is very cleverly managed. Of the Newlynites, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who may be called their leader, has reserved his principal work for the Academy, and shows a little "Road from a Market Town," in the late afternoon, full of figures. Mrs. Marianne Stokes has worked out a problem of light which it is difficult to understand: an infant, presumably Christ, lies in a cradle, and from the halo round his head the light shines on the mother kneeling by him; but, curiously enough, the light burns on that side of her face which is turned away from him and on parts of her dress which should certainly be in the shadow of the cradle. Praiseworthy as her efforts have been, she has not yet solved that problem of reflected light which Besnard and one or two other Frenchmen have treated so skilfully. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Bourdillon, and Mr. E. E. Simmons, other prominent Newlynites, all contribute work in which appears an "earnest intention to be just"; justness being that quality above all others at which they seem to aim.

Whoever has followed the development of British art of late years must notice how very few names among those I have mentioned are popularly known. But it is this fact which gives significance to the exhibition at the Grosvenor. The best and most striking work this year is by the rising generation of artists, upon whom much of the future of British art depends.

N. N.

IQUITOS, THE METROPOLIS OF EASTERN PERU.

IQUITOS, March 10, 1890.

THE major portion of Peru lies east of the Andes. The reason for this fact being so little known is found, not in any fault of the geographers, but in that failure to derive ideas of length and breadth from degrees of longitude and latitude which is so common in the interpretation of maps. This vast region is called the Montaña, or wooded country, being in fact nothing more than a continuation of the great basin of the Valley of the Amazon, overspread by the same impenetrable, vine-draped forests as those which are seen throughout the two thousand miles from Pará to Tabatinga. It is a region regarding whose character and conditions even the Peruvians of "the coast," or Pacific Slope, possess but little information free from that romantic coloring in which travellers are tempted by its remoteness and inaccessibility to picture it. Strange as it may seem, in point of time this Montaña is much nearer New York than Lima. A line of steamers (the Booth Steamship Company) sails directly from New York to Manáos, Brazil, making connection there with the excellent Amazon steamboats, which in another ten days reach Iquitos, the metropolis of this region. The average time for completing this immense journey of 5,400 miles, including delays at Pará and Manáos, is forty days, and the total cost of a first-class passage a little less than two hundred dollars. Not only may passengers enjoy this benefit of close connections, but the same company gives to merchants the boon of through bills of lading for freight from New York to Iquitos. From Lima, however, one must either endure the hardships of a journey across the Andes, which occupies about two months or more, or else go by way of Panama, or around Cape Horn, to Pará, and thence up the Amazon.

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Iquitos is 400 miles from the Brazilian frontier. A second line of steamers starting from this point serves the towns along the river for another 500 miles to Yurimaguas, the second city of importance in the Montaña, situated 75 miles or more from the Amazon, at the head of navigation on the Rio Huallaga. Whoever fancies the eastern part of Peru a territory of insignificant proportions, will be assured of error by reflecting that here in a line, lengthened only by the ordinary sinuosities of a river, are 900 miles of navigable water, open to vessels of six feet draught.

The entire Montaña is embraced within the limits of the Department of Loreto, which derives its title from a town of the same name which has passed by degrees into a state of dilapidation, and has yielded up every sign of its ancient importance except the time-honored flag-staff on which the little Gobernador daily hoists a tattered Peruvian banner. From appearances, one would say that not among the least delectable of the duties and prerogatives of the little Governor is to board each passing steamer, ostensibly to sign the bill of health and list of passengers, in addition to which, however, he does not forget to pledge the health of the Captain in a glass or two of the Captain's choice "Madeira." There are other towns between the frontier and Iquitos. Caballo Cocha is a village on a lakelet a mile from the main river, consisting of nearly 2,000 inhabitants, said to be very *simpatico*, from which delicate term one may, with some knowledge of the tropical disposition, picture scenes conspicuous for "the song and dance and the flowing bowl." There is also Pébas, a town of great antiquity, and famous for the manufacture of beautiful hammocks from the fibre of the Chambira palm. It stands high on a hill of red clay on the northeast bank of the Pébas River, a mile from the Amazon. Here, for the first time in the whole ascent of the great stream, is it possible to see Indians in their aboriginal costumes. These, in the case of this tribe, consist of what might be denominated "fringes"—long, heavy fringes of the fibrous red bark of a tree, one fringe tied around the waist, and another around the neck, thus enveloping the entire body.

After these small towns, which are really no more than collections of Indian huts, with one or two corrugated-iron-roofed houses of traders in their midst, Iquitos appears quite like a city. Where six thousand people are gathered together, there is necessarily some division of labor; the common workman, the artisan, merchant, and official, evidence their several degrees of prosperity in personal appearance and in the architectural display of their homes. Consequently the place looks diversified, and suggests progress and the prevalence of better ideas. A vista down one of the principal streets reveals many white-plastered houses, with red, blue, or brown dados, giving a quaint picturesqueness to the place. Here and there one rises to the dignity of a second story, with a balcony overhanging the way. The streets are as green as a pasture, for where gubernatorial edict, instead of the wear of vehicles, is the only obstacle, grass finds little impediment to its growth. Vehicles are absolutely unknown in Iquitos, and it is only at rare intervals that a donkey with his panniers may be seen carrying clay from some extraordinary distance, when a new adobe house is in process of construction.

The city is laid out in squares, and stands on a level plateau elevated about sixty feet above the river. Behind it, to the northwest, rise the forests in their solemn grandeur. On the west the plateau drops abruptly down to the Rio Itaya, a small stream coursing through the lowlands, which from this point stretch an indeterminate distance into the interior. Iquitos Island, which faces the city, is likewise low, but it is not marshy. Indeed, there are practically no marshes in the Montaña of Peru. The banks of the rivers may be overflowed at many places during the winter, or rainy season, but the receding waters leave them high and dry during the months of summer. The plateau of Iquitos, however, is so extremely flat that there is actually no surface drainage, and up to the present time no effort at sewerage or drainage by ditches even has been attempted—the gutters down the middle of the streets being choked with rubbish. The citizens aver that to drain into the river would cause the banks to wear away, which objection will only lose weight when they discover that a lining of bricks, which are plentiful, will prevent such a catastrophe. So the town is in large part much like a shallow frog-pond, and at night the chorus of croakers is sometimes sufficient almost to banish sleep. In spite of this, the testimony of decades has been that Iquitos is healthy. Those swiftly fatal fevers, the terror of so many tropical towns, are entirely unknown.

Iquitos is thoroughly cosmopolitan, consisting of Peruvians, Brazilians, Portuguese, North Americans, English, Germans, French, and Chinese, with of course a large preponderance of Indians and half-breeds, or "Cholas," as they call them. The eastern portion of the town is almost entirely given up to this native element, in which quarter may be seen the palm-thatched Indian hut, or "quincha," with its curious outfit of Inca pottery, hammocks, drums, and feather ornaments, almost the same as exist in the remote "chácras," or haciendas, along the upper reaches of the river and its tributaries. The majority of the cholas, however, live in quinchas scattered promiscuously among the "casas de paredes," or houses of clay walls. There is nothing striking in the appearance of the men, who wear trousers and blouse of Massachusetts "blue drilling," and a slouch hat, or oftener no hat at all; but the barefooted women and girls give a characteristic picturesqueness to the streets by brightly colored calico frocks, a simple white Panama hat worn well down over the eyes, and a blue-and-white shawl, woven with what ladies term a "shell stitch," wrapped with the true mantilla fold around the shoulders. Thus accoutred, they may often be seen passing along the streets, carrying, poised upon the head, instead of a hat, a gracefully decorated water jar, filled with the clear, sparkling fluid that issues from the foot of an Aguaje palm close down by the margin of the river.

Iquitos has suffered much abuse from travellers in the matter of its cuisine. It is true there are no hotels, but there are at least two excellent "posadas" (inns), where may be found as bountiful a table as exists in any part of the Valley of the Amazon. Beef is ever abundant; turtles, poultry, and eggs agreeably expand the menu; yuca and plantains are not only good substitutes for vegetables, but, when well cooked, are delicious. Vegetables, alas! are lacking. Potatoes and peas will not mature in this climate; a little lettuce and cabbage are raised, and vast quantities of beans. These legumes recommend themselves to the easy-going tropical gardener by growing without attention and bearing continuously for many years; one variety, in fact, having acquired the name of "Toda la Vida" because it will live and yield throughout the ordinary life of a man. It has really never yet been proved what vegetables will thrive in this climate, but it occurs to one that future experiments in this direction may be hinted at by Charles Dudley Warner's inveterate enemy, "pusley," which is here betimes, doubtless waiting to make the effort more interesting. It is a surprise to a Northerner to see common Northern plants flourishing in this distant land; but around the little clearings are the familiar ipecac and golden-rod, as well as "pusley," and the convolvulus opens its pretty blossoms to the morning light along every water-course, being called the "Flor de la Caña," because here in its native home it almost invariably clings to the canes that fringe the rivers.

Iquitos at present occupies an unusually interesting position. Within thirty years it has risen from a petty pueblo of a dozen huts to be the foremost city in that Montaña of which Peruvian orators are wont to boast, and which Peruvian poets so often celebrate in song. Some city must of necessity attain great and permanent commercial importance in this region, and very naturally the Iquitenos predict this happy fortune for their own. The situation is favorable. A short distance lower down the Amazon (or Marañon, as local terminology has it) is the mouth of the Rio Napo. Above are three other notable tributaries—the Ucayali, the Tigre, and the Huallaga, with many smaller streams, from all of which come large quantities of "caucho," the Peruvian rubber, which at present forms almost the sole article of export. It is thus central with regard to the staple product of the country. Another circumstance which helped to fix the site of the present metropolis of the Montaña was that to this point, and no further, could vessels of ten feet draught ascend the Amazon at all periods of the year. But there prevails in Peru, as likewise throughout South America, a disposition to achieve the extraordinary before there is a warrantable substructure of the ordinary. As illustrative of this spirit, they once held here a festival, raised a sum of money, built the foundation of a great hospital, and erected a monument on the spot which should by and by be an inner court of the structure; and then, having spent too much on the monument, the whole affair was abandoned, and the unfinished, crumbling walls have become the habitation of snakes and of several thriving colonies of ants. In equal heat of enthusiasm, having concluded that Iquitos was destined to become a great port, they constructed, in 1869, many years before there was any need of it, a floating dock, designed for vessels of a thousand tons capacity. They launched and proceeded to lower it, to see how it would work; but, in their haste and inexperience, the chambers were allowed to fill more rapidly on one side than on the other, and the machine rolled over and sank. This at once formed the nucleus of a sand bar which has grown to such dimensions that now the main river has scoured out a channel on the opposite side of Iquitos Island some miles away, while the harbor in front of the town is so shallow that it is only during the five or six months of flood-water that vessels of more than five feet draught can approach nearer than two miles. It is not yet too late to save the harbor by deflecting the current into its former channel, and by constructing jetties around the sunken dock. If something of this sort is not soon done, the prosperity of Iquitos will be doomed.

For reasons which it would be tedious to explain, the steamboat companies are not permitted to build docks and warehouses, and the merchants are not permitted to transport their cargo from their own establishments to the steamer, except by employing the official steve-

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dore, who has a monopoly of all public porterage. The same wretched system of credit exists here as in Brazil, the merchant owing his broker, the rubber-gatherer owing the merchant, and the Indian again owing him. In consequence, prices are exorbitant; for the merchant figures a profit which will permit him to exist, while he loses at least one-half what his books represent as due him. The bulk of the merchandise used here is of English manufacture, and the reason for this is simply that the English have well studied the problem of packing goods for tropical climates, so that they arrive in good condition. The Americans have made so many errors of the kind that the people here have come to think that the quality is inferior. It is only in the matter of flour, which a few firms have learned how to pack in tin-lined boxes, that Americans have succeeded in gaining the trade in perishable commodities. Our hardware, however, has such a reputation that foreign firms are obliged to imitate our styles and to forge our brands to compete with us. In almost every chola's hut throughout the entire region may be seen an American sewing-machine, and they use our expensive "Florida Water" as freely as if it rained down from the skies.

When American merchants will learn to pack their goods appropriately for this humid climate, and will also believe that the South American actually knows and appreciates and patronizes the *best* manufactures, he will reap a harvest if he will intelligently seek this trade; and it would be wise to enter the field early before others have made it for ever their own, for the harvest will grow richer from year to year, now that even the remote Montaña of Peru is feeling the quickening spirit of that new era which is so surely coming for this country. COURTENAY DEKALB.

Notes.

AN elaborately illustrated work, 'With Fly-Rod and Camera,' by Edward A. Samuels, will be published immediately by the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company.

Worthington Co. have nearly ready 'Bella's Blue Book: the Story of an Ugly Woman,' from the German of Marie Calm.

Mr. David Nutt (Strand, London) announces "The Tudor Library, a series of sixteenth-century rare books to be reprinted" in large and small-paper editions, limited to 560 copies. The first to appear will be 'Giovanni Pico della Mirandola: His Life, by his nephew Giovanni Francesco Pico,' translated from the Latin by Sir Thomas More, and edited now by Mr. J. M. Rigg. A reprint of Angell Daye's 'Daphnis and Chloe' will follow, to be edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs. Then there will come 'Poliphili Hyperotomachia; The Strife of Love in a Dream,' from the edition of 1592, with a selection of cuts from the Italian edition of 1498. This is to be edited by Mr. Andrew Lang.

Of Mr. Lang's books there is seemingly no end nowadays. His latest is a little volume containing his lecture, 'How to Fail in Literature' (London: Field & Tuer), delivered originally at the South Kensington Museum in aid of the College for Working Men and Women, and now revised and extended for a wider audience. It is a book to be recommended to all literary aspirants. Especially worthy of study are the samples of machine-made poetry of three or four different types of badness.

We are glad that our wish that Mr. J. S. Tunison's excellent book, 'Virgil in the Middle Ages,' might speedily reach a second edition, has already been realized, and we hasten to welcome the improved volume which is such a credit to American scholarship. The few misprints of the first edition have been corrected, and the usefulness of the book has been largely increased by the addition of an index of names and subjects. The only serious oversight of the former edition, that in regard to Oesterley's discovery of the 'Dolopathos' of Johanne de Alta Silva, has been repaired, and an additional section, dealing with the new material, added to the closing essay. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Tunison's book has been received both at home and abroad with hearty praise by scholars, and has also proved, as we predicted, attractive to the general reader. It is published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

Under the general title of 'Anecdota Oxoniensia,' the Clarendon Press is publishing materials, chiefly inedited, taken direct from manuscripts, those preserved in the Bodleian and other Oxford libraries having the first claim to publication. These materials include unpublished texts, new forms of published texts, published texts which are rare and difficult of access, collations and descriptions of MSS., and dissertations on their history and character. There are four series—Classical, Semitic, Aryan, and Mediæval and Modern. Part iii of vol. i. of the Semitic series consists of the 'Commentary of Jephet Ibn Alí the Karaite on the Book of Daniel,' edited and translated by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth (Oxford: 1889). With the Bodleian Arabic text the editor gives collations from a number of others, and adds a glossary of curious words occurring in the volume, most of which are not explained in the lexicons of Freytag and Dozy. The translation is published without notes. The work is an interesting illustration of the Jewish exegetical thought of the tenth century. Jephet, as a Karaite, is a bitter opponent of the famous Rabbi Saadia Gaon (El-Fayyumi). His exposition, derived in part from the history of his times, of the visions and predictions of Daniel is full of curious material. Naturally he finds the Abbaside dynasty of Bagdad in his text, and in the iron and clay of Nebuchadnezzar's dream he sees the mingling of Romans and Arabs—that is, of Christians and Moslems—who, indeed, intermarry among themselves, yet disagree on fundamental religious doctrines. In spite of his entire lack of historical critical feeling, Jephet's explanation of the last chapter of Daniel is fairly good.

The Clarendon Press publishes also the lecture delivered by Prof. Margoliouth at his inauguration as Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, under the title: 'An Essay on the Place of Ecclesiasticus in Semitic Literature.' The lecturer's eminent Semitic scholarship fits him in some respects admirably for the purely linguistic work of the restoration of an old Semitic text. In the present essay he gives only a few specimens of the results of his investigations in the work of the Son of Sirach. His method is, by comparison of the Syriac, Greek and Latin versions, to restore the original Hebrew text. Unfortunately, his results are largely vitiated by his assumption that Ben-Sira writes "trimeters and tetrameters with a regularity which scarcely falls behind that of the Greek and Sanskrit poets." He refers to Prof. Bickell's arbitrary way of dealing with the Psalm-metres (without, however, mentioning Bickell's metrical researches in Ecclesiasticus), and does not see that his method is open to the same charge. Still, his comparisons are interesting, and some of his emendations commend themselves as reasonable and satisfactory. His conclusion as to the language of Ben-Sira is noteworthy: it was, he declares, the language of the rabbis. Renan expresses a similar opinion in regard to the dialect of Ecclesiastes. Put in somewhat modified form, this view has considerable probability; but Prof. Margoliouth's inference that the whole modern critical conception of the dates of the Old Testament books must be greatly modified, rests on an unwarranted interpretation of the facts. That Ben-Sira wrote in a popular dialect is not sufficient reason for denying that a Levitical poet of the second century B. C. may have written a psalm in classical Hebrew. Prof. Margoliouth's complete discussion of Ecclesiasticus will be welcomed by scholars, though it is to be hoped that he will revise his principles of historical criticism.

'The Topography of Florida,' by N. S. Shaler, with a note by Alexander Agassiz, is a pamphlet of twenty pages with a map, vol. xvi of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, No. 7. Several of Prof. Shaler's conclusions are likely to cause discussion. He deals with the southern half of the State, and accounts for the strange conformation of the surface, with its peculiar basins, in the lake region, by supposing it due to the Gulf Stream flowing across this portion of Florida, bringing the sands from the northern shores of the Gulf, as then shaped, and by invoking the aid of a sudden elevation, or series of such movements, within the present geological period. The sinkholes and porous conditions of the limestones are traced to the corrosive action of rainwater containing acids from decaying vegetation, and the origin of the calcareous ooze on the flats is referred to precipitation from mixture of this water with that of the sea. Mr. Agassiz directs attention to Prof. Shaler's discovery, on the east coast, of the extension of the great coral reef northward to Jupiter Inlet and beyond, and shows this to be confirmatory of the opinion of the late Prof. Agassiz in 1851, that the land in the everglades had an origin similar to the land now being made on the mud flats to the west and north of Florida Keys. He also mentions the still existing lack of knowledge in regard to the continuation towards the south of the rocks forming the basis of the northern part of the State. In the everglades the freshets cause a rise of five to eight feet; it is to sudden outbursts of this water, charged with organic matter, that Mr. Agassiz ascribes the frequent immense destruction of the fishes along the shores. This recalls the appearance of the water, as the present writer saw it, near Key West, when the dead and dying fishes were floating by in myriads: it had a slight coffee color, and all through it there were glistening flakes like very small, thin plates of mica. Others have reasoned that the mortality was caused by a supposed escape of volcanic gases or other poisons in the sea bottom.

'A Provisional List of the Plants of the Bahama Islands,' by John Gardiner and L. J. K. Brace, arranged and edited, with notes and additions, by Charles S. Dolley, separately printed from the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, is a paper of value to those interested in American botany. The recorded number of species is 621, of 410 genera, or 115 families. About one-third are considered indigenous, and 195 are shared with the Bermudas. Comparisons with the United States and the West Indies are yet to be made. The notes are full of information on distribution, habit, utility, medicinal properties, etc. Besides the systematic index, there is a glossary of common names with scientific equivalents.

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The Central Commission for Scientific Geography in Germany has issued an introduction to home exploration, 'Zur Deutschen Landes- und Volksforschung,' prepared by various experts and edited by Prof. Alfred Kirchhoff of Halle (Stuttgart: Engelhorn). The geographic conditions of the surface, a chapter which suffers from its extreme condensation; surface waters, terrestrial magnetism, climate, distribution of plants and animals, German dialects and folk-lore, domestic architecture, the laying out of villages and of fields —so the topics run on through the volume. All this tends towards home study, and teaches that exploration may begin where charity should. Our National Geographic Society might some day undertake the preparation of a similar book for our own country.

Geo. F. Kelly & Co., No. 31 Union Square, announce the immediate appearance of No. 1 (June number) of a new monthly periodical, the *American Etcher*. The magazine will make a specialty of high-class American etchings, printed on Japanese paper, mounted at the four corners, and enclosed in a mat, ready for framing. Besides the monthly plate, each number will have some letter-press of critical and practical value on topics connected with etchings and etchers.

In the current number of the British *Bookbinder*, announcement is made that the journal has changed hands and that it will be enlarged and improved—for which there is ample opportunity, as few even of English trade-papers have been so narrowly insular. In the fourth volume, to begin with the next number, a few articles are promised likely to be of interest to book-collectors in this country; and illustrations of artistic bindings, old and new, are to be frequent. The stamped cloth-binding of 'A Stage Romance' in the current number is unspeakably bad; yet the editor praises it blandly.

Mr. W. W. Pasko's *Old New York* appears to have met with favor, and its May issue has a very prosperous look, with its three portrait illustrations. Two of these are of Hamilton Fish and his father, Col. Nicholas Fish, of Revolutionary distinction—a family line less than fortunate in its representative in public life of the present generation: *desinit in piscem*, shall we say? Dr. Alexander Anderson's quaint diary is continued, and tells of his service in the yellow-fever epidemic in the fall of 1795 in this city. The picture of drunken and quarrelsome nurses and attendants is in sharp contrast with our modern hospital conditions, and refutes once more the pessimistic view of "progress and poverty."

Petermann's Mitteilungen for April contains the last of Dr. Heyfelder's interesting series of articles on "Bokhara on the threshold of a new era." In this he treats of education, saying that schools are so numerous in the Khanate that at least a quarter of the people can read and write. The pupils are not wholly boys, as he found at least one girls' school in the capital city. The common-school course is seven years, during which many learn the Koran by heart. There are in addition about 200 high schools or seminaries, with from 15,000 to 16,000 students. Here the course lasts from ten to twenty years, the studies being reading, learning, and expounding the Koran, the reading of religious and historical books, mathematics, Arabic and Persian, as well as rhetoric. It is interesting to note that torture was abolished last year as a token of thankfulness for the escape of the Czar and his family from death in the railroad accident the year previous. Criminals are no longer thrown from a tower, and far more attention is paid than formerly to the condition of the prisons and the prisoners. Among the shorter notices is an account of the plan of Dr. Nansen, the Greenland explorer, for reaching the North Pole. He proposes to go in a vessel so constructed as to be raised up and not crushed by the ice, provisioned for several years. His course would be through Bering Straits to the New Siberian Islands, and then, taking advantage of the northern current which he believes to exist, to drift over the Pole to Greenland. In support of his theory it may be said that there came, in the year 1884, into the harbor of Julianehaab, on the south coast of Greenland, a cake of ice on which was frozen a pair of oil-skin breeches, marked with the name of one of the sailors of the *Jeannette*, which sank near the New Siberian Islands three years before.

"Recent Explorations in Peru and Bolivia" is the subject of an interesting paper by H. Guillaume in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for May. Their common object has been to find available routes by which the products of the marvellously rich but entirely undeveloped region lying on the eastern slope of the Andes and about the headwaters of streams flowing into the Madeira and Amazon can be brought to a market. The mineral wealth is represented by gold—stated to be in vast quantities, but in mines situated on steep hills and approached by footpaths only, so that everything must be carried from or to them on men's backs—coal, copper, lead, marble, and jasper. The fertility of the soil is such that "rice yields two crops annually, the sugar-cane ripens every eight or nine months without being replanted, tobacco yields three crops of fine quality, and plantains, pineapples, vanilla, and yucca ripen at every season. Cotton, of a size unknown elsewhere, grows wild in great quantities; coffee and coco produce two excellent crops, and maize may be cut every three months." To these may be added India-rubber, the largest product, cinnamon, camphor, indigo, balsams, many medicinal plants, and all kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables. "Fish and game," says one of the explorers, "were abundant and the climate was delightful." The Indians are comparatively few in number, and are divided into a large number of tribes.

An interesting attempt to revive the old Shaksperian stage by adapting it to the modern theatre is reported from Munich. Two years ago Gaedertz, in a monograph 'Zur Geschichte der Altenglischen Bühne,' published a hitherto unknown interior of the London Swan Theatre of 1596, the main feature of which was the division of the stage by a pair of columns into two sections. On the basis of this discovery, the managers of the Royal Hof- und National-Theater at Munich have proceeded to construct a double stage, one in front of the other, the inner one being narrower and somewhat raised, the outer one nearly corresponding to the ordinary proscenium. This arrangement makes it possible to dispense entirely with the troublesome entr'actes and changes of scenery, and to represent Shakspere's dramas without depriving them of a single scene. The effect produced by "King Lear" as performed in this manner seems to have been perfectly overwhelming.

In concluding our notice of Mr. Henry Adams's History of Jefferson's Administration we ventured to correct his spelling of the name of Joseph Hamilton Daveiss. We depended on the concurrent spelling of the name as bestowed on three counties in Kentucky (especially), Indiana, and Illinois, as well as in contemporaneous prints, in Appletons' American Cyclopædia, and the United States Postal Guide, in taking Daviess to be the correct form. We have been satisfied, however, by possessors of autograph letters of Daveiss that Mr. Adams was right. The error goes back to the act of the Kentucky Legislature of December 14, 1815, which named a county after Daveiss. This misspelling, says a correspondent, was no less inexcusable than the same body's naming Green County after Gen. Greene, Muhlenburg County after Gen. Muhlenberg, Menifee County after Hon. Richard H. Menefee, etc. Mr. Daveiss, we are further told, as if to avert the fate that has befallen him, used to sign his name in capital letters (script).

The quarterly Bulletin of the Boston Public Library for April embodies the whole of Mr. J. L. Whitney's 'Catalogue of the Bibliographies of Special Subjects,' already noticed by us as of great usefulness and wide availability. This is followed by an account of the Barlow sale, somewhat in the nature of an apology for certain costly purchases made by the Library on that occasion. Much curious information is given concerning the origin of the collection, which was begun by Col. Thomas Aspinwall of Boston, and so rightly reverted in part to that city.

Dr. George Bullen's fifty years of service in the Reading Room and as Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum have prompted the raising of a testimonial fund on his retirement. Earl Spencer heads the committee, and Mr. B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square, will, as honorary Treasurer, receive and acknowledge subscriptions. The names of contributors will be printed in alphabetical order without mention of the respective sums. American indebtedness for the use of the library has here a natural channel of expression.

Prof. Theodore F. Wright, 38 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass., as honorary Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund in this country, solicits subscriptions and donations to the Fund in view of its special undertaking to excavate the mound at 'Ajlan, the Eglon of Joshua, under the direction of Mr. Flinders Petrie.

—The *Century* for June gives the first place to an extremely interesting and profitable account of the London Polytechnic Institutes and People's Palaces which, within the last decade, have begun a revolution in the conditions of life for the poorer classes of the great metropolis. The original model of all, Mr. Quintin Hogg's Regent Street Polytechnic, is first described in detail which cannot here be followed; but the results are indicated by the fact that seventy thousand persons, in the formative age of their career, have been enrolled in it, and that its annual capacity of twelve to thirteen thousand is fully availed of. It is a club with so many educational, social, and athletic subdivisions that the enumeration is amazing, especially when it is remembered that the Institution is practically the work of one wealthy merchant who has given his time to its organization and conduct, and has expended, besides the first outlay of $300,000, an annual sum of $30,000 from his private means. Its success has been a main cause of the confidence felt in the later similar institutes founded in other parts of London, under the influence of Sir Edmund Hay Currie and others, and in co-operation with the Charity Commissioners, who have appropriated large sums from the consolidated ancient parochial trusts of the city. It is probable that there will soon be from nine to twelve of these great popular schools of useful instruction and entertainment in the different quarters of the city. This is a remarkable instance of the effective energy

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and enlightened control of the English spirit, uniting public and private aid for great ends, in the face of practical social questions of real magnitude, and may profitably be studied by the destructive sentimentalists whose philanthropy can find no model short of a German militarism distributing the fruits of industry like rations. In the remainder of the number we notice a highly appreciative critique of the pictures of Mr. Albert Ryder, a timely paper upon the tariff as a tax, in connection with the theory of taxation, by Mr. Atkinson, and a literary and social contribution on the subject of the French Salon.

—The June *Harper's* begins with the first instalment of Mr. Henry James's translation of Daudet's "Port Tarascon, the Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin," of which it is needless to say anything more than that the skill and interest of the translator bid fair to make this latest example of refined light comedy as delightful in English as any rendering of foreign wit which we possess. The illustrations are numerous and spirited, and help to translate to the eye the same foreign element which Mr. James renders for the ear. Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé contributes one of his thoroughly studied sketches of Russia, in this instance in the Caucasus. Mr. Hutton provides the dramatic article in the shape of a history of American burlesque, in which the lively illustrations are the most taking part; but the text is done with the conscientiousness and thorough knowledge of the topic which characterize Mr. Hutton's work in everything he undertakes to write about. Two other papers are of the solid worth which is looked for in the treatment of special subjects in this magazine. One is upon the city of Birmingham, under the title of "The Best-governed City in the World," in which the growth of the city in recent years, its Art Institutes, Libraries, and Schools, the municipal reforms which have made it the owner of its water-power, gas-supply, and a considerable portion of its own soil with the houses on it, together with the governmental system, are described and explained. The second article is an historical summary of the policy of Prince Bismarck, and its gradual working-out to the great results contained in it, from the inception of his schemes to the formation of the Empire. Inferior, but not valueless, papers are on range-finding at sea by electricity, whist for the beginner, and the chap-book heroes of immortal fame in the annals of the heath, the prison, and the gallows.

—In the *Atlantic* Mr. Charles Dudley Warner discusses the relation between the prevailing taste in fiction and the common school, and inquires to what extent the failure to develop an appreciation of good literature in the young is an explanation of the quality of the most popular novels. Whether this is an adequate theory or not, there can be no valid objection to the belief that a more intelligent and better-directed study of literature in the schools would help to improve the public taste, and sustain the better work of those authors who are not simply engaged in supplying a demand for reading, as if the newspapers, magazines, and circulating libraries were mere markets for pecuniary returns. President Walker deals with the present agitation for the eight-hour law in a temperate spirit of conservatism: he grants the usefulness of more leisure to the working classes and the value of State control of the hours of labor in the past; but, on the other hand, he questions whether the workmen cannot obtain such relief as is practicable by their own efforts, which is a better way of control, and he draws from the different conditions of different trades and the variety of their physical strain a doubt as to the possibility of a common limit of labor in all. He argues, too, in behalf of the right of the minority who may wish to labor a longer time, and against the desirability of making so large a reduction, which is really experimental, at once. Hannis Taylor takes up the often-mooted proposal to engraft on our Constitutional system the English Cabinet as the initiating power in legislation (but apparently without the feature which compels resignation on failure to effect measures), and argues in its favor, mainly on the ground of the defects in the working of our present method. There are in the number also an article, in the classical series, upon Ambrose and Symmachus, a word for "villains" from Agnes Repplier, and a description of King Arthur's country.

—*Scribner's* is notable for advance extracts from Stanley's book, illustrated with several cuts, among which the picture of the new-found race of the pygmies is the most curious, and that of the starving of Nelson the most pitiful. The text consists of the opening letter of the explorer, in which he acknowledges his faith in the providential care of God, and gives some special instances in which he seemed to recognize it most clearly; and to this he adds an account of the most miserable suffering of the expedition from the lack of food, during which Nelson's detachment, being left behind, perished or deserted, and the fate of his own column seemed desperate until his coming up with the Arab settlement in the wilderness. In connection with this incident, he draws a strong picture of the nature of these Arab slave-hunting and ivory-gathering bands, and urges the prohibition of gunpowder as the one measure which would inevitably put a stop to the devastation of the interior tribes. The personality of the leader is felt with extraordinary force and in a many-sided way in these fragments of his work. The remainder of the number is made tame by the leading article, but there are an instructive paper on city house-architecture, with illustrations from the East and South, by Mr. Russell Sturgis; a plea for legislation compelling cities to retain the title of public franchises and take a responsible lead in determining the manner of their utilization by leasing corporations; and a collection of Millet's letters from Barbizon, during the period of his greatest difficulty and poverty, which are often touching from their simple and intimate quality. The number concludes with a dramatic scene of the death of Rosamond, by Barrett Wendell, which is of unusual excellence, being, in the first place, really dramatic in handling, and, in the second, composed in blank verse of good form. It is noticeable also as an exceptional return by a young writer to the older models of English verse.

—From the Part of the English Philological Society's Dictionary next to appear we shall be able to learn all about the term *cockney*, the origin of which has exercised the wits of so many speculators. Meantime, Dr. Murray, the principal editor of the Dictionary, has discussed the term very fully in the pages of the *Academy*. It is there pointed out that, as applied to a person, it had, primarily, the sense of "cockered or pet child," and was used, later, to denote the sort of man into which such a child ordinarily develops. As the next step, *cockneys*, in the language of rustics, were the inhabitants of large towns, whom old-time Hodges and Gileses regarded as being, in comparison with themselves, squeamish or effeminate, cockered children of a larger growth, "milksops," "mollycoddles." Gradually, the epithet came, at last, to be restricted to Londoners, on the assumption that, in a preëminent degree, they were lacking in what uplandish folk accounted proper manliness. But, long before the emergence of persons designated as *cockneys*, there was a word *cokeney*, resolvable into *cokeney*, "cocks' egg," and signifying "fowl's egg." This is established by evidence which is beyond all gainsaying. "And, now that we know the original meaning," writes Dr. Murray, "there is no difficulty: the petted and cockered child was his mother's nest-egg, or, as Fuller, little suspecting how near he was to the truth, said, her 'nestle-cock.'"

— Prof. Skeat, in the first edition of his 'Etymological Dictionary,' prudently considered the origin of *cockney* to be "unknown." In his supplement, however, after he had taken counsel with the eccentric Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, he fancied that light was dawning on him. Still unaware of *cokeney* as meaning "cocks' egg," he there boldly lays it down that *cokeney*, "cockney," "answers precisely to" the fictitious French *coquiné* and the fictitious Low Latin *coquinatus*, evolved from the Latin *coquina*, "kitchen." And he adds: "I think we are now certainly on the right track." We are somewhat reminded, by this, for its astounding irrationality, of Ménage's celebrated genealogy of *rat: mus, mu-ris, mu-ratus, ratus, rat.* Adopting Prof. Skeat's notion, the 'Century Dictionary' unhesitatingly declares for the original of *cockney* in the Utopian *coquiné* and *coquinatus*, "a vagabond who hangs around [*Anglice* about] the kitchen," or "a child brought up in the kitchen," and pronounces that this is "the only solution of *cockney* phonetically satisfactory." On the other hand, Dr. Murray contends, on irrefragable grounds, that such a "solution" is demonstrably impossible. The implicit followers of Prof. Skeat have now had a lesson, and by no means the first, as to the danger of taking it for granted that his adjudications may safely be accepted without independent research and due acquaintance with scientific philology. A whole host of his confident whimseys has already been exploded by the redoubtable Dr. Murray; and doubtless a whole host more is destined to share their fate.

—A new edition of Prof. Ritter's 'Music in America' has been issued by the Scribners, bringing the work up to date and including two new chapters. The book contains a great deal of information not accessible elsewhere, and the gathering of which implied an extraordinary amount of patience and research in out-of-the-way places. It is not, however, merely a compilation of facts and dates, but the author enlivens every topic by looking at it in its æsthetic and social as well as its historic aspects. Among other new matter there is an interesting discussion of the music of American negroes, in the course of which the curious fact is referred to that in the slave songs the joyous major key predominates. The dying struggles of Italian opera at the Academy of Music are described, as well as the rise of German opera in New York and the fortunes of French opera in New Orleans. The West also receives considerable attention, and emphasis is placed on the great share which the German singing societies have in developing a taste for music: "for, wherever at least four Germans gather together, one may be sure to find a Männerchor." The greatest desideratum in our Western cities is a better orchestral equipment, New York and Boston being the only cities which have permanent first-class organizations. These two cities also differ

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from others in being able to get along with a regular concert season, while elsewhere music festivals are needed to stimulate an occasional remunerative interest in the art. In the discussion as to why we have no folk songs, no native popular music, in America, the early Puritan influence and the hardships of pioneer life are taken into account. The following remarks should be printed in large letters and hung up in every school-room:

"When the War of Independence was over, the war songs sank into oblivion; the grotesque, foolishly skipping 'Yankee Doodle'—and history designates this as of foreign growth—had jostled them all out of existence. The fact that a people of such innate, exasperating seriousness, at times bordering on gloom, has accepted a melody like 'Yankee Doodle' as the emotional expression of their patriotic feeling, is a psychological problem. If a prize had been offered, open to competition among all the musicians of this globe, for the most melodiously insignificant, shallow, and trivial song, the author of 'Yankee Doodle' surely would have received the distinguished award."

—The tenth annual report of the Archæological Institute of America (May, 1889, now just printed) shows a cheerful outlook, not above being improved by an increased endowment, and records a noticeable activity in the New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore branches. In the appendix, Professor H. W. Haynes summarizes what has been lately achieved in American archæology, and Professor Alfred Emerson in classic. The latter review gives a good idea of the Acropolis excavations among others. The report makes mention of Mr. A. F. Bandelier's final report of investigations carried on among the Southwestern Indians from 1880 to 1885. The first part of this document, which the writer's name stamps with the very highest authority, is now before us, and makes a comely volume in excess of 300 pages, with several photographic illustrations of the pueblo, a type which seems to be disappearing. Hinged doors and glazed panels, and ground-floor entrances in place of ladders—marks of greater security—are transforming these villages. "Isleta has lost the pueblo character completely, and resembles a Mexican settlement." Mr. Bandelier's narrative is thoroughly readable, while fortified, as usual, with scholarly references and citations.

TWO FAREWELL VOLUMES OF SONG.

Demeter, and Other Poems. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Macmillan.

Asolando: Fancies and Facts. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ONE of the speakers at the Browning Memorial meeting in Boston pointed out that Voltaire had, in his day, disposed of Dante in terms that might seem to have been aimed, in our own day, at Browning, pronouncing him almost unintelligible (*peu de gens entendent ses oracles*), and predicting that his fame would only subsist through the absence of actual readers. The speaker might well have gone on to remark that Dante could no more have produced one of Petrarch's perfect and delicious sonnets than Browning could have written the closing poem of Tennyson's last volume; and hence that no permanent comparison could safely be based on detailed perfection alone. The curious simultaneousness of the publication, by the two leading English poets, of their final (or probably final) volumes, leads naturally to some such comparative review of results, and to a closer look at two men, the product of the same country and the same age, and yet as essentially unlike as if remote centuries and the antipodes of space had produced them. It is impossible to resist the impression, in viewing them jointly, that the individual man of genius is greater than his *milieu;* and that the mode of his production still remains a mystery, even after we have weighed and counted all the elements of his outward life.

Great poets are apt to come in pairs, and, when they do, it takes a long time for the balance to adjust itself. Shakspere and Milton would hardly now be cited as equal names, though this was formerly common enough—their sonnets being sometimes published together in a single volume. Nor would any one now regard Goethe and Schiller as equals, a thing once so common that Menzel thought he had finally put an end to it, and had solved the problem by placing Schiller definitely in the higher grade. When, nearly fifty years ago, Tennyson rose to his recognized place, on the publication of the revised edition of his poems (1842), it seemed to his admirers that he would have no brother near his throne. If he was destined to have one, there were a dozen men, now almost forgotten—Milnes, Sterling, Trench, Alford, Bailey, and the like—who seemed as likely to contest the palm as Browning. The latter began to publish poems somewhat later than Tennyson, though but three years younger, and he was not, like Tennyson, helped into fame by being heaped with ridicule; nor was he compelled in consequence to withdraw any foolish verses, as it were under fire, like Tennyson's "O Darling Room!" and "Rusty Christopher"—poems which might now teach us charity even towards Oscar Wilde. But, whereas Tennyson had won assured fame in 1842, Browning's 'Bells and Pomegranates,' which began to be issued in 1841, gained very little recognition, and the poet himself has said that a single odd number has often sold, of late years, for more than the whole series yielded him. Landor's admiring encomium, a few years later, came as an utter surprise to most readers, and Lady Pollock tells us, in her 'Macready as I Knew Him,' that this great actor was almost alone in London, in 1854, in pronouncing Browning "one of the few great poets of the world" (p. 64). Browning's long absences from England, too, kept him from the public eye, though perhaps hardly more than that habit of rather self-absorbed seclusion in which Tennyson rivalled and almost surpassed Wordsworth. When Browning came back to England, however, it was as a kindly and genial man of society, and he never came so near to describing himself, probably, as in his "How It Strikes a Contemporary." The stranger who saw Tennyson saw one who fulfilled by his presence all that fancy could demand of the picturesque, the poetic, the unusual; it was he, not Browning, whose aspect suggested Venice; he looked almost as un-English as Beaconsfield; all his conversation, moreover, revolved in a circle round himself, and he seemed to rate all contemporaries by the degree in which they appreciated him. In talking with Browning, the great difficulty was to believe him a poet at all, until one resolutely pushed through to the depths; he seemed simply one of a thousand genial and experienced Englishmen.

All this personal detail is not without its use in comparing the total result of these two lives. We do not criticise the mode of life or the decidedly self-centred personal habits of the pearl-oyster so long as nature has thus given him the key to the actual production of pearls. Nor can we, on the other hand, complain if a poet loves the market-place, so long as not an incident of that market-place fails to yield its material for him.

> "If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
> If any cursed a woman, he took note,
> Yet stared at nobody."

As a result, while the admirers of Tennyson may claim with entire truth that if the standard of greatness is to set deep thoughts and emotions to music that surpasses not merely all criticism, but all imagination of possible higher excellence, Tennyson has reached that point in "Tears, idle tears" and "Ask me no more" and "Peace, come away!" yet there is room also in the universe for those who hold that range and compass of poetic conception count for something, and that the volume and variety of human life in this precise age of the planet will be found more copiously and richly rendered in Browning than anywhere or everywhere else, even counting in the whole work of Tennyson. Perhaps the best persons, on the whole, to strike the balance would be those who were familiar, nearly half a century ago, with both poets—who know their Tennyson by heart and a large part of their Browning; and to inquire which poet they continue, at this day, to take with them on their summer vacations. So far as we have been able to apply by observation this test of inexhaustibleness, we should say unhesitatingly that Browning—perhaps from the very fact of the difficulties he offers—holds his readers the longer. It is certainly a curious fact that while Browning societies thrive and multiply in spite of ridicule, and while these include not merely the young, but many persons past middle age, who have been life-long students of Browning, there seems no demand for Tennyson societies, whether of old or young.

If we revert to the Voltairian attitude, and say that all this study is simply due to obscurity, what are we to make of the fact that the Shakspere societies far outnumber the Browning societies? Indeed, we can never get far beyond the Goethian theory that if we wish to know where the best cherries grow, we must ask the boys and the blackbirds. The wide and genuine interest in Browning is really the response to his universal interest in what is human. From the very first, instead of singing of Mariana and faintly smiling Adeline, like Tennyson—worthy though that song might be—he flung himself into the mighty struggles of Paracelsus:

> "Are there not . . .
> Two points in the adventure of the diver:
> One—when a beggar he prepares to plunge?
> One—when a prince he rises with the pearl?
> Festus, I plunge!"

Or he joined the historic march of Strafford, following his terrible motto, "Thorough," till it brought him to his death. 'Sordello' will live, in spite of its bewildering condensation, because no other book so profoundly analyzes that contest between thought and action which so absorbs the early maturity of many a strong man. When Tennyson paints a human soul, he does it strongly, penetratingly, almost tenderly; but he does not paint it "as if his colors were blended of the mind's own atoms," as Margaret Fuller said of Coleridge; and this is what Browning did. He did it, too, with a wealth, a copiousness, an endless variety, that makes his collected poems an encyclopædia of human existence. As for the manner, he too could produce perfect lyrics, as in "Pippa Passes"—lyrics that sing themselves more essentially than Tennyson's softest strains; but when these did not come, something else must take their place. Just as Emerson says of John Quincy Adams, at bay in Congress, that he cared little if his voice wheezed and coughed—no matter; it must cough and wheeze his emotions—so Browning must give what he sees of life, melodiously if he can, rudely if he must. At any rate, we receive it, vast, varied,

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unequal, often disappointing, sometimes exasperating, but we have it all.

And it will always seem a proof of this more extensive observation that Browning was incessantly creating and multiplying new types of character, and that even the plots of his dramas were almost absolutely his own. Of course, when a poet is so great as Shakspere, it matters little to us whence his story comes; but it takes Shakspere to make us wholly indifferent to that side of the matter, and in comparing poets below that supreme grade it is impossible not to recognize their difference as to degree of inventive power. It was with a sense of disappointment that all readers learned the Finnish origin of the 'Hiawatha' measure; it is with a kind of annoyance that the reader finds the iron rhythm of George Meredith's "Nuptials of Attila" to have been caught from Hodgkin's translation of the Latin prose of Jornandez ('Italy and her Invaders,' ii., 194):

"'Mid the joys of wine and night,
Painless thou hast taken flight,
From thy brethren, Attila."

In the same way it is impossible to forget that Tennyson found the Arthurian traditions ready-made to his hands, and that he hammered out his "Ulysses"—magnificently indeed—from the six terse lines of Dante:

"O frati, dissi, che per cento milia
Perigli siete giunti all' occidente,
A questa tanto picciola vigilia

"De vostri sensi, ch' è del rimanente
Non vogliate negar l'esperienza.
Diretro al Sol, del mondo senza gente."
('Inferno,' xxvi.)

Browning, on the other hand, after building on slight historic bases the whole airy fabric of 'Paracelsus' and 'Sordello,' trusted wholly to himself in 'Bells and Pomegranates,' and produced a series of dramas of which only one—and that the poorest—had any historic basis at all; achieving a series of highly wrought and admirably adjusted plots, all drawn, with their dramatis personæ, from his own brain. He wrote no more plays, but multitudes of his later poems were each a condensed drama—still original, plot, characters, and all; and when at last he borrowed again in the 'Ring and the Book,' it was virtually to produce a dozen dramas in one. Compared with this vast and living profusion, the dramas of Tennyson seem scanty and cold, and even his stately Arthurian traditions a little academic. Only in 'In Memoriam'—doubtless his masterpiece—did Tennyson unite creative imagination with wealth and variety; nor did Browning, perhaps, produce any single work which, taking all things into account, reflected his own genius with equal completeness.

It is pleasant to be able to add, since the world has something at stake in the vitality and longevity of genius, that the farewell volumes—if farewell it be in both cases—of the two great Victorian poets show them in full vigor at the last, and holding each to his characteristic qualities. Tennyson meets the final change with an exquisite reverie, and Browning encounters it face to face, as he might meet one who brings a challenge that arouses, not dismays. There is none of that stretching of the hands, one to the other, which is so agreeable to contemplate among our veteran American poets; they do not look towards each other, but float on side by side, like the two "ships becalmed at eve" in Clough's fine poem, unconscious of each other, yet having a common course towards the same haven:

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold, where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!"

LAWTON'S VERSIONS OF EURIPIDES.

Three Dramas of Euripides. By William Cranston Lawton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

EURIPIDES has not been so fortunate in his translators as Sophocles and Æschylus, partly by reason of the greater number of his plays, but chiefly because they are so unequal in interest and execution. It happens, however, that every one of the dramas which are here presented has been done before into English verse, and by no means ill-done. If the "Alcestis," in "Balaustion's Adventure" represents, as a recent *Saturday Reviewer* thinks, the very worst of Browning's performances, it must be remembered that Browning's nadir, contrary to definition, manages to climb high in the poetical horizon. It is natural, however, that Mr. Lawton should prefer to try his fortunes with the "Alcestis," the "Medea," and the "Hippolytus." They are as powerful and beautiful as anything of Euripides: the motive of each, self-sacrifice, jealousy, passion, and revenge, is entirely modern and intelligible. If there is anything antiquarian in them, it is a mere question of externals, and has little or nothing to do with the main action of the play. The conditions and limitations, however, of the Greek theatre were so different from ours that they require explanation for the English reader who desires to orient himself in a region so foreign to his experience. It would be hard to find this better done than in Mr. Lawton's introductory essay, in which he shows culture, good taste, a critical spirit, and sufficient learning without pedantry. Each of the plays is also provided with an introduction and a running commentary, which are in the main helpful and appreciative. It strikes one as strange that the poet has the smaller type allotted to him, while the commentator reserves to himself the more luxurious "long primer." It might also be felt that occasionally the cicerone, however refined and enthusiastic, has too much to say, and leaves too little to the imagination of his "personally conducted" band. But the essays were first delivered, we believe, in the form of lectures, and this may explain the peculiar cosey domestic air of certain passages at which the wicked might smile, and which imply that Boston is still the Delphic centre of the universe.

The general aim of the translator seems to have been fidelity—a very close adherence to the original, which he often apparently renders line for line, in the choral passages as well as the dialogue. We say apparently; for fidelity is of many kinds, and so close a matching of lines carries with it special snares and perils. In the first place, it is of very little consequence that there should be the numerical correspondence which exists, for example, in Longfellow's version of the 'Divina Commedia.' Metrical versions are evidently not made for scholars, except so far as the scholar is a lover of literary art, but for readers ignorant of the original. Being metrical, they must also aim to be artistic, to represent the higher qualities of the poet—his spirit, his beauty of thought and diction; in a word, his charm. The skeleton—"the letter which killeth"—can be obtained from Mr. Bohn and his most useful and honorable guild of anatomists; but the figure, the movement, the life, are what we ask in the poetic version. If an author like Euripides is to live to English people, he must consent to put off some of his Greekishness, and to use the English tongue according to English idiom and tradition. It is most important that the artist who re-creates, should not embarrass himself with the grave-clothes that were buried several thousand years ago; nor, indeed, should he fetter himself with any superfluous conditions. We believe that Mr. Lawton has suffered from his own theories.

The extract we subjoin is taken from the beginning of the "Medea," and presents some impassioned conversation, followed by a strictly choral passage, and some lines of level dialogue. It illustrates several different styles and metres:

CHORUS (entering).

I have heard the voice, I have heard the cry
Of the wretched one,
Of the Colchian, nor is she gentle yet.
Speak to us, prithee, thou ancient dame.
Wails from within have I heard at the gate.
Joyless to me are the woes of your home,
Since it is grown so dear to me.

NURSE.

A home there is none; that already is past!
For he has wedded a royal spouse,
In her chamber my lady is wasting away,
And in no wise the words of one of her friends
May bring to her heart consolation.

CHORUS.

Tearful was the cry I heard.
She with shrill lament proclaims
Him who cruelly betrayed her.
Suffering wrong, she calls on Themis,
Child of Zeus, of oaths the guardian,
Who across to Hellas led her,
Through the strait impenetrable,
Over seas in darkness veiled.

MEDEA (coming from her home):

Corinthian dames, I have issued from my home,
Lest ye be wroth with me; for I have known
Many proud mortals, some who dwelt apart,
Some publicly; but they who lived reserved
Acquired an evil name *and slothful soul.*
There is no justice in the eyes of men.
Who ere they well have learned a mortal's heart
Hate him at sight, though suffering no wrong.
A stranger must cleave closely to the State,
Nor do I praise a townsman crude and harsh
Through boorishness to fellow-citizens.

The choral passage is highly poetic; almost every word in the original is unusual in prose, or has an unusual syntax; the epithets in the later lines are picturesque and have a Homeric flavor. Of this lyric tone there is little intimation in our rendering. The address of Medea follows the Greek, line for line, with apparent closeness; and yet we believe the connection of thought is left quite obscure. This arises partly from the mistake we have italicized, partly from the neglect of certain guiding particles, and partly from a somewhat servile adherence to the letter and the arrangement. A brief paraphrase will explain this: "I come to greet you," says Medea, "lest you misinterpret my reserve and call it pride. For justice dwells not in the eyes of men. They hate at sight an utter stranger who has never done them wrong. So even citizen to citizen should render courtesy; but, above all, an alien—such as I am—should bend his humor to the State." It is very doubtful whether Euripides ever used such timber as the much-disputed τοὺς μὲν ὀμμάτων ἄπο, Τοὺς ἐν θυραίοις, here rendered, "Some who dwelt apart, some publicly"; and a version whose object is clearness and the poetic touch might well have cut this Gordian knot by choosing some simple emendation. This is a matter of opinion, however. On the other hand, it is quite certain that Euripides meant to say "acquired an evil name (reputation) for indifference"; or, according to Wecklein's reading, "the reputation of hostility and indifference."

A similar want of point and of articulation arising from similar causes may be observed in the strophe (page 128):

"Upward run the streams of holy rivers;
Justice is reversed and everything.
Treacherous are the thoughts of men; immortals
Watch no longer over plighted faith.
Fame shall bring us better reputation;
Honor comes upon the race of women,
Shrill-voiced infamy no more is ours."

The best commentary we can offer on this is to place beside it Mrs. Augusta Webster's rendering:

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"The hallowed rivers backward stream
Against their founts; right crooks awry
With all things else; man's every scheme
Is treachery.
Even with gods faith finds no place.
But fame turns too; our life shall have renown:
Honor shall come to woman's race.
And envious fame no more weigh women down."

Each translator has misapprehended the sentence, θεῶν τ' Οὐκέτι πίστις ἄραρε, "And their faith plighted by the gods no more stands firm," which contains no accusation against the gods, but merely expands the thought of the preceding clause.

How awkward a task it is to make the English and the polysyllabic Greek travel side by side, is well seen in the line from the "Alcestis," κακῶς κλύοντι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι, which Browning renders perfectly by "ill-famed, ill-faring"; and which dissolves into mist in Mr. Lawton's "to live inglorious and most miserable." To the same difficulty may perhaps be referred some lines which we think would be unintelligible to the English reader, such as the retort of Pheres (line 724):

"Thou dost not bury in joy an old man's form,"

where Browning gives ἐγγελᾶς its due in:

"There's no laughing now,
As out thou bearest the poor dead old man!"

Again, in the passage (Medea, 1,209),

"Unhappy girl,
Who hath bereft *an old man's tomb* of thee?"

we doubt whether any one would suspect that the phrase italicized means "an old man with one foot in the grave," or, as we say, "an aged wreck." Another point is lost or buried in the "Hippolytus" (line 458), "They love, submissive to calamity." If στέργουσι is here interpreted by "they love," the usage and the authorities are against it. The nurse has been urging on Phædra the bright example of certain favorites, who were rapt to Olympus, and adds, with gentle irony, "They yield, I trow, *with resignation* to their fate."

The versification is partly illustrated in the specimens we have quoted. The choruses are rendered without rhyme, in metres some of which bear a certain resemblance to the original, and in a rhythm which is not always sufficiently marked to reveal itself easily to the ear. The obvious objection to this method is that it does not represent the Greek and is in accordance with no English tradition. To represent the Greek movement, as Mr. Lawton, of course, feels, would be next to impossible. Mr. Swinburne might perhaps achieve it, for short flights; but he has not chosen to do so, because, as he doubtless knows, versification is a matter of tradition, except to the few who can create tradition. It is not easy to evade tradition, to uproot the growth of a language. Longfellow could not manage it with his hexameter, nor Matthew Arnold, however delicate and exquisite the music of the fragments entitled "Antigone" and "Dejaneira." Indeed, our highest authorities point the other way. Shelley was content to rhyme in the "Cyclops" and Browning in the "Hercules Furens." These masters in their way bowed to the genius of the language, and followed its unbroken lyric tradition since the "Samson Agonistes" and "Alexander's Feast." The question may seem different when it concerns the anapæstic systems which are so frequent in animated dialogue, as an introduction to iambics. The anapæst is native in English, and has been used with great beauty, variety, and force in the "Atalanta in Calydon" and in Browning's "Hercules Furens." But here again Mr. Lawton has chosen to avoid rhymes, and in following the original systems closely, as he thinks, has fallen into lines that are weak and unskilful in emphasis, moving at a canter, and closing with a pirouette. His blank verse, which of course constitutes the bulk of the dramas, is far more pleasing and successful than these experiments. When it fails, its defects arise chiefly from the causes we have pointed out in the address of Medea just quoted. We permit ourselves an extract from the famous soliloquy of Medea, spoken before she resolves to murder her children:

"My sons, my sons! Ye have a city indeed,
And home wherein ye shall abide for aye,
Bereft of mother, leaving me forlorn!
I, exiled, to another country pass,
Ere I have joy in you and see you blest,
Delighting in your wife and wedded bliss,
Holding aloft for you the marriage torch.
Accurst am I for my perversity!
In vain, O children, have I nurtured you!
In vain my labor and my agony
When I the heavy pangs of travail bore!
High hopes were mine, ah me! in other days,
That ye should be the prop of my old age,
And honorably care for me when dead,
That men should envy me. But now is lost
That fancy sweet; for I, bereft of you,
Shall spend a sad existence, full of pain.
And you with loving eyes will watch no more
Your mother, passing to another life.
Ah me! Why do you gaze on me, my sons?
Why are you smiling with that final smile?"

It would be ungracious and unprofitable to discuss in detail slight errors or misconceptions, most of which would doubtless have disappeared upon careful revision. The instances we have noted are typical of a defective and somewhat servile method, which shows itself in various other ways, in the unidiomatic use of participles, and in weak phrases, such as "the implacable one," "the wretched one," which Browning permitted himself occasionally, but which are in him a disagreeable mannerism. The result is a version which may be called a likeness, but which too often reminds us of the cold and waxen counterfeit that was to console Admetus for his lost Alcestis. Picturesque words and phrases have faded into commonplace; metaphors are sometimes emptied of their vivacity and significance; the music of the Greek chorus has largely disappeared and its equivalent in English has been rejected. Yet there remains so much promise in a large part of the dialogue that we should hesitate to discourage a maturer effort. Mr. Lawton may have found his niche; he has not yet proved himself able to fill it. His equipment is not complete either in English or in Greek; perhaps he lacks a little of the "fine phrensy" which the translator certainly needs as well as the poet. So competent a critic will doubtless in time criticise himself, and settle his own powers and limitations. When he has regained leisure from his labors for the Delphi Exploration Fund, in which every scholar and lover of art must wish him success, he will have that opportunity for revision which would have been so useful before he published the present work. He promises hereafter the "Prometheus," the "Persians," and "Antigone." We wish, before completing them, he might encounter, or reread, Fitzgerald's "Agamemnon," and that brilliant version of the "Œdipus Rex" by Mr. Morshead, which is less known, we fear, than it deserves to be. He will find in them the exact antidote for his faults. Both are remarkable achievements, though in very different fashions; each succeeds in reproducing broadly and vigorously those beauties and great qualities which are the very life and spirit of a poem.

Orations and After-Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew. Cassell Publishing Co.

THERE can be little doubt as to the object of this compilation. When a woodcut purporting to be a likeness of the author accompanies a book, and the publisher informs editors that he will be pleased to furnish an "electro" of the cut for use "in connection with review," it is plain that politics has entered the sphere of literature. Still, we all love our joke, and it is impossible not to have some kindly feeling for a man who has amused so many of his fellow-creatures.

The humor of an after-dinner speech, however, is of a peculiarly volatile character. It evaporates almost before the reporters can bottle it for the next morning's paper, and it is seldom possible to confine it within the covers of a book. Judging from these speeches, we should certainly say that Mr. Depew had observed the maxim of Lord Chesterfield, that a wise man will live at least as much within his wit as within his income. The stories are of course twice-told tales, and the fun is principally of the kind well described as "chaff." There is nothing fine or subtile in it; perhaps the occasions have required good, broad, telling strokes, such as a number of people may easily apprehend at once. But the qualities which are necessary to make wit immediately effective are not enduring, and it must be exceptionally clever badinage that can survive the deadening effect of cold type.

The graver themes of which Mr. Depew treats are handled with varying success. He is at his best in subjects connected with the civil war, and here we find the ring of genuine enthusiasm. Very good, too, are the narratives of the capture of André and of the formation of the Government of the State of New York. But as a rule he does not rise much above the level of ordinary newspaper eloquence, and there are occasional sentences which we can hardly believe to have been written by an educated man. Mr. Depew seems impressed, from time to time, with the magnitude of his subject, and would speak of it in lofty language; but neither his thought nor his pen has been trained to deal with the ideal, and when he attempts to be fine he barely avoids bathos. We hear much of the beacon-fires of liberty, the destiny of nations, the shores of time, the wrecks of empires, the struggling masses, the teeming millions, and the other stock phrases with which our orators are wont to cover the poverty of their thought. The expression, "The high and harmonious teachings of the common school," however, must be allowed the merit of novelty. But for evidences of any depth of culture, or even of elementary statesmanship, we look in vain, and the most laughable thing in the book is the serious reference to President Cleveland as "remarkable for inexperience in the duties of Government and for ignorance of the great issues before the country."

Probably by this time Mr. Depew has learned who was ignorant of these issues, but it does not appear that he has yet acquainted himself with political economy. Whatever may be our impression as to his general sincerity, it does not admit of doubt that he honestly believes that the prosperity of our country has been mainly caused by the taxes upon industry imposed by Congress. We feel more sceptical as to the "prayerful consideration" which he professes to have given the matter of his "withdrawal from the Presidential race," and we are sure that he is quite too hard-headed a man to "devoutly believe," as he declares he does, that the souls of Washington and Lafayette returned "from the unseen and unknown" to participate in the ceremonies at the unveiling of the statue of Liberty, and that their "spirit voices" "joined in the glad acclaim" upon that occasion.

It is a strange fatuity that impels a man enjoying an exalted, secure, and eminently responsible position to desire to relinquish it, and to be "dragged through the hurricane and surfeit of mire and detestable accusation"

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(to use the language of another great master of metaphor) to the office of President of the United States. Such would assuredly be Mr. Depew's experience, and his chance of election would hardly seem to justify the sacrifice. It is not his enemies but his friends that will assure him that he will be happier in continuing to devote his days to the solution of railroad problems and his nights to post-prandial oratory. But the appearance of this book proves, we fear, that the disease which has been so fatal to prominent Americans has made alarming progress, and we must conclude that it is not clergymen alone who feel it necessary to sacrifice personal inclination when the call comes to a wider sphere of usefulness.

North American Geology and Palæontology; for the use of Amateurs, Students, and Scientists. By Samuel A. Miller. Cincinnati: The Author. 1889. Pp. 664. 8vo.

In this monument of laborious painstaking, Mr. Miller, who has long been known as a collector and describer of Ohio fossils, has attempted to define all the genera of palæozoic fossils found in North America, and to give a list of all the known species under each genus. As this nearly exhaustive catalogue occupies all but a hundred pages of the volume, the title is somewhat misleading.

The chapter on the "Definitions and Laws of Geology," which forms the introduction to the work, could well be spared, seeing that for those who know geology it is quite superfluous, while for those who do not it is altogether inadequate. Worse still, it is confused and rambling in arrangement, and by no means free from inaccuracies of statement. The author is a rigid uniformitarian, and lays it down as a fundamental proposition that "the changes which the earth has undergone within the scope of geological investigations were produced by the same laws, acting with the same degree of power, as those we may daily witness." "The greater number of valleys in North America have been carved out by the streams flowing in them at substantially the same rate of excavation that is now in progress." "It is evident that glaciers have not been much more imposing in past geological ages than they are now." So far as the *intensity* of the forces involved is concerned, these positions are of course untenable, as might be easily shown were this the place for such demonstration. Especially remarkable is the section on volcanic activity. The observed increase of temperature as the earth is penetrated is referred to pressure of the surface layers, or the "force of gravity," while the melted masses are said to be due to chemical causes.

"From the proximity of volcanoes to, or occurrences in, the sea, it has been supposed their active state is produced by the percolation of sea-water to metallic bases of the earths or alkalies at various depths, which bases become inflamed, and chemical action ensues, producing the eruption." "Electricity is a factor in all earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Its action is manifest in the atmospheric disturbances, in the undulatory movement on the surface of the earth, and in the speed with which the earthquake wave travels. . . . Suppose a powerful current of electricity near the surface of the earth to be broken and suddenly restored, the shock may be supposed to resemble that of an earthquake. Fusion might result in consequence of such restoration. . . . In other words, subterranean electric currents, if once excited, may melt the rocks and produce the heat necessary, when assisted by the presence of a sufficient quantity of water, to produce volcanic eruptions."

Mr. Miller does not, it is true, commit himself to these views, but that he should have selected such theories for mention while omitting all those that have any semblance of probability, is sufficiently extraordinary. If, again, he had carefully examined the lava plains of the Northwest, he would hardly have stated that "there is no evidence of a volcanic eruption on the continent of North America in past geological ages that surpassed in volume" the great Icelandic outburst of 1783.

This exposition of dynamical and structural geology is followed by a careful account of the American formations, their geographical distribution and mode of occurrence, from the Laurentian to the Post-Pliocene, though these chapters contain much that geologists in general will not be inclined to accept. Thus, Mr. Miller adopts the Taconic system of Emmons, despite the number of times that the untenable character of this supposed system has been shown, and especially despite the recent careful review of the whole question by Walcott. Our author does not seem kindly disposed towards this observer's work in showing that the lower palæozoic rocks of this continent, like those of England, may be divided into the Cambrian, Ordovician, and Silurian. "No careful geologist or palæontologist uses the word [Cambrian] in the nomenclature of American strata, though it occasionally occurs in incoherent geological papers."

In his account of the Western tertiaries, Mr. Miller omits the Puerco Eocene, refers the Wind River to the Nebraska Miocene, and calls the Loup Fork Pliocene. He altogether rejects the glacial theory, and will hear nothing in its favor. "The glacial epoch is a theoretical blunder, not supported by scientific facts or intelligent reasoning, and contrary to all geographical, geological, and palæontological information." We can only suppose that some classes of "scientific facts" have escaped Mr. Miller's attention. Indeed, he seems, in his zeal for uniformity, to deny, at least implicitly, all important climatic changes in the earth's history, ignoring such familiar and obvious evidence as the carboniferous and Miocene floras of Greenland, the sub-tropical plants which abound in the Green River shales of Wyoming, and the like.

The catalogue itself covers more than 500 double-column pages, involving an amount of labor which only those who have attempted similar undertakings can appreciate. Its arrangement leaves much to be desired, in that the genera (except in the case of the molluscs) are placed in alphabetical order under each phylum or "sub-kingdom"; the presence of a full index removes the only excuse for this highly inconvenient method. It is rather surprising too, to see the sponges classified as Protozoa, and the brachiopods as molluscs. Every specialist will no doubt discover errors and omissions, and determinations and references which he cannot admit; but this is, of course, inevitable in any work of such magnitude. The glossary might with advantage have been submitted for correction to some one whose classical studies were more extensive than those of the author. Such a plan would have prevented a number of ludicrous blunders, for example: "majus,-a,-um," "minus,-a,-um"; "gracilius, a,-um."

The book is a useful compilation and will prove of value for museum reference, though it cannot be recommended as a manual for "amateurs and students."

The Marriages of the Bourbons. By Captain the Hon. D. Bingham. Scribner & Welford. 2 vols. 8vo.

Judicious gleaning in the highways and byways of French history has yielded Captain Bingham very interesting material for these volumes of historical gossip. By confining himself chiefly to contemporary sources, he has given his narratives a degree of vividness and authenticity much beyond what is ordinarily possessed by compilations of this kind. It is a familiar paradox that nowhere has royalty a more pleasing glamour cast about it, or does noble blood exercise a more potent charm on the mind, than in this democratic country of ours. Kings and queens are creatures of another world, and the mystery of their being gives a romantic fascination to every little commonplace detail in their lives. For all persons who ever feel the sway of such emotions, Captain Bingham's volumes will be interesting and perhaps instructive. He takes his readers into the very inner circle of royalty, so far as it can be entered through private letters, memoirs, and the researches of modern biographers. Ordinarily we think of kings as enjoying power, and seldom ask ourselves if they enjoyed liberty. The maze of restrictions upon their liberty of action from the cradle to the grave, imposed by tradition, etiquette, family interest, and state policy, to say nothing of the concessions that had to be made to that feeling of proprietorship which their subjects entertained towards them, would make life fairly intolerable for the free American citizen. Repeatedly in Captain Bingham's pages is one impressed with the extent to which royalty had to forego that element of privacy in family life which is so essential to happiness.

It is unnecessary to discuss his work in detail. It is well conceived and well carried out, but insufficient care has been bestowed on the minor details. Selections from the letters of Mme. de Maintenon, Maria Louisa, and Marie Antoinette make up two of the most interesting chapters. It seems to have been an almost fatal misfortune for Marie Antoinette that she married so early. A few years longer spent with her mother would have made her a better queen and a more serious woman. The famous Chevalier d'Éon de Beaumont figures amusingly in one of the chapters on Louis XV. One of the best *mots* that Capt. Bingham records is that of Lord Mount Edgecombe on the later career of this modern Tiresias: "The Chevalier d'Éon Beaumont was his own widow!" M. Vatel, from whom Captain Bingham has derived many interesting facts about Mme. du Barry, attributes her execution during the Terror to "a man called Grieves, an Englishman, a deputy of the United States," who denounced her for having conspired in London against the republic. We find no trace of this Grieves holding any official relation to the United States. He seems to have been a man of worthless character, but some have given him a slight importance by conjecturing that he was the translator of the Marquis de Chastellux's Travels.

Captain Bingham closes with a paragraph on the surviving members of Louis Philippe's family. He mentions the Princess Clementine's marriage, but her later career deserved a paragraph. As the ambitious mother and trusted adviser of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, she has recently played a rôle requiring the highest political tact, and has been of invaluable help to her son in maintaining himself for nearly three years in a position it was not thought he could retain as many weeks.

These volumes are handsomely made, but the text is disfigured by more misprints than is excusable. Among them may be mentioned Austria for Asturias, vol. ii., p. 553. Familiar personages, whose names have a recognized English form, often appear in a French disguise, as, Laurent de Medicis, Jules II. In vol. i., p. 35, we are told that the Bishop of

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Liège was "assassinated, as described by Walter Scott, in 'Quentin Durward,' by William de la Marck." The Bishop was killed by De la Marck, but not at all in the fashion described by Scott, as Scott himself took pains to inform his readers in a note. On p. 12, the accession of Hugh Capet is put in the year 957, instead of 987, and on the last page of vol. ii. the death of the Duke of Orleans is dated in 1858 instead of 1842.

Bright Skies and Dark Shadows. By Henry M. Field, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1890.

THESE letters of Dr. Field's from and about the South have but a slight texture, for the most part, as the author himself frankly recognizes in his preface. The opening chapters, in particular, are marked by many instances of purely personal and superficial gossip such as is apt to characterize the correspondence of an editor of a religious paper on his travels. He gives a good and clear description of the battle of Franklin; both here and in his chapters on Stonewall Jackson and Lee drawing freely and happily upon the stores of knowledge possessed by his Southern friends. But the larger part of the book is taken up with discussions of the negro question, which, of course, is the "dark shadow." Dr. Field does not pretend to see his way clear to its solution, and contents himself with presenting various aspects of the case, in a general way, as they appear to his mind. He roundly denounces the giving of the suffrage to the freedmen as being merely a partisan expedient, and as roundly asserts the justification of the Southern States in freeing themselves from spoliation by a government of ignorance. On the other hand, he thinks the suppression of the negro vote a great wrong, though what is to be done about it he does not know. He admits that there is prejudice against the negro in the North, and even cites Gen. Armstrong to the effect that it is greater than at the South. The most he can advise is patience, with the application of all the resources of education and Christianizing influences.

The Economic Mollusca of Acadia. By W. F. Ganong. St. John, N. B.: Barnes & Co. 1889. 113 pp. 8vo. Ill.

IN this little brochure, which is neatly reprinted from Bulletin No. viii. of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, the author has endeavored to present a synopsis of what is now known of the actual and possible value to mankind of the molluscs known to live in the waters of the Maritime Provinces. After a general introduction and a catalogue of the beneficial and injurious species, each species is treated of separately, under its scientific appellation, followed by its local or Indian names, with subheads for distribution, both in Acadia and elsewhere, for habits and biography, and for economics and statistics. In the preparation of it, archæologic, antiquarian, philologic, and statistical researches more or less recondite were necessary. The result is a very interesting little book, containing much curious and useful, though condensed, information, and prepared in a workmanlike manner.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, Anne R. The Feet of Love. Worthington Co. 75 cents.
Angel or Devil? Minerva Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Bynner, E. L. The Begum's Daughter. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Clark, F. C. In the Valley of Havilah. F. F. Lovell & Co. 50 cents.
Cutler, Mary C. Philip; or, What May Have Been a Story of the First Century. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Delpit, A. As 'Tis in Life. Welch, Fracker Co. $1.25.
Dumas, A. The Corsican Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 25 cents.
Eleusis: A Poem. Chicago.
Epitomes of Three Sciences: Comparative Philology, Psychology, and Old Testament History. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Floyd, Isobel A. Stolen America. Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Goodyear, W. H. A History of Art. 2d ed. A. S. Barnes & Co. $3.50.
Haggard, H. R. Beatrice. Harper & Bros.
Harland, H. Two Women or One? Cassell Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Hartmann, F. The Talking Image of Urur. F. F. Lovell & Co. 50 cents.
Hearn, L. Youma: The Story of a West Indian Slave. Harper & Bros.
Heaven, Louise P. Chata and Chinita. Boston: Roberts Bros. 50 cents.
Hellprin, L. The Reformed Primer and First Reader. New York: Babyhood Publishing Co.
Hudson, W. C. Vivier, of Vivier, Longman & Co., Bankers. Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.
In Her Earliest Youth: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 45 cents.
Keyser, C. S. Minden Armais: The Man of the New Race. Philadelphia: American Printing-House.
Lane, E. W. Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians (1833-35). Ward, Lock & Co. 75 cents.
Lloyd, H. D. A Strike of Millionaires against Miners. Chicago: Belford-Clarke Co.
Lynch, J. Egyptian Sketches. Scribner & Welford. $1.75.
MacGahan, B. Xenia Repnina: A Story of the Russia of To-Day. George Routledge & Sons. 50 cents.
Mahrenholtz, R. Jean Jacques Rousseau: Leben, Geistesentwickelung, und Hauptwerke. Leipzig: Gebhardt & Wilisch; New York: Westermann.
Miller, Joaquin. My Own Story. Chicago: Belford-Clarke Co.
Miller, Joaquin. In Classic Shades, and Other Poems. Chicago: Belford-Clarke Co.
Pellew, G. John Jay. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Roe, E. P. Nature's Serial Story. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cents.
Sessions, Francis C. In Western Levant. Welch, Fracker Co. $1.50.
Shakspere's Macbeth, edited by K. Deighton. Macmillan & Co.
Sienkiewicz, H. With Fire and Sword. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Stanley: A Popular Account of his Rescue of Emin Pasha. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Stapleton, Patience. Babe Murphy, Chicago: Belford-Clarke Co.
St. Martin, T. The Christ in London, and Other Poems. London: Authors' Coöperative Pub. Co.
The Danvers Jewels and Sir Charles Danvers: A Novel and its Sequel. Harper & Bros. 40 cents.
Van Zile, E. S. A Magnetic Man, and Other Stories. F. F. Lovell & Co.

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